

133 The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 23.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, APRIL 10, 1902.

NO 44

THERE'S DOLLARS AND SENSE IN These Goods For You!

Clothings, Dress Goods, Shoes

OXFORDS. HATS, LADIES AND GENTS
FURNISHINGS, CARPETS, MATTINGS,
RUGS, NECKWEAR AND EVERYTHING
YOU WEAR.

We Advertise the Truth and Then Surpass it.

You are Sure of the Best Values with us as Our Styles never have time to collect here as the New Ones are Always Coming.

BE SURE OF SATISFACTION AND TRADE WITH

YANDELL-GUGENHEIM CO.

CIRUIT COURT.	SERIOUS CHARGE	APPROPRIATION MADE	A Noted Impersonator.	Kentucky Educational Association	High Grade Fertilizer.
Juries Discharged and Court Ad-journed Thursday.	Made Against a Well Known Citizen of Salem.	To Build Bridge Over Livingston Creek by Court of Claims.	Elizabeth de Barrie Gill, of Philadelphia, a noted singer and impersonator, will appear at opera house Friday evening, April 18th. She is one of the popular entertainers of the day. She made her first public appearance when but nine years of age, in a character song before an immense audience at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, at which time Prof Lawrence, now of the School of Acting, New York City, predicted for her brilliant future. She has won many laurels in New York, Boston and other eastern cities. Her musical education was obtained from the well known teachers, Frederic S. Law and the late Michael Cross of Philadelphia, and Frank Herbert Tubbs, the eminent teacher of New York. She resigned the leadership of a prominent choir in Philadelphia, and declined the leadership of another, in order to give her full time to platform work.	A good summer trip to the Queen of the Blue Grass—Lexington, can be had at the cheapest rates—one-half fare. Kentucky educators meet there to discuss questions relating to the public schools' best interests. Kentucky has some splendid teachers, of national repute, and they will be there. Besides, the executive committee has secured the attendance of some educators of international reputation.	We have received a car load of fertilizer from the Virginia-Carolina Co. This is the largest fertilizing concern in the world; they own 45 factories, make and ship nearly one thousand car loads of fertilizer per day, the year round. Their facilities for making a high grade goods is unsurpassed, and their guaranteed analysis on every bag is backed by fifty million dollars capital. We are their sole agents in this part of the State and are able to give you a really first-class fertilizer at prices never before offered to the farmers of this county. Bigham, Browning & Wheeler.
Circuit court adjourned Thursday afternoon. The following cases of the civil docket were dismissed of after Wednesday:	Ben Shoecraft, a well known citizen of the Salem neighborhood, is in rather serious trouble. It appears that he became very fond of Miss Mary Trail and secured her consent, so she alleges, to marry him.	The court of claims adjourned Thursday, after being in session three days. One of the most important actions of the court was the appropriation of the amount of \$700 as Crittenden county's part in building a bridge over Livingston creek between Crittenden and Lyon county at the Free Bettie Ford.	The following claims were allowed:	It will be a chance to see Ashland, old Transylvania, bluegrass stock farms, and other features of national fame which this wonderful region affords. The association has arranged for short excursions to all interesting points, all of which are put at slight cost to teachers.	Administrator's Notice. All parties having claims against the estate of T. E. Wilson, either by note or account, must present the same to us or leave it at the county clerk's office before the 1st day of May, 1902. All claims not presented by that time will be barred. Ida B. Wilson, Geo. M. Travis, Adm'r's.
Ellen J. Travis against Ed Corley, land in dispute. Trial and verdict for plaintiff.	H. A. Haynes, committee, etc., against John Guess; commissioner's sale confirmed.	Dr. D. T. White, medical services at poor house, \$32.	Mr. W. C. Rice, one of the most prominent citizens of Caldwell county, died at his home in Frederonia Thursday. His death was caused from a complication of diseases. Mr. Rice was about sixty-five years of age. The deceased has been in ill health a number of years, but it was not until his wife died, during the latter part of December, that his condition changed for the worse. Mr. Rice leaves six children, Mrs. Walter Young, Miss Rubie Rice and Messrs. John Edward, William and Reginald Rice.	Strayed—from my home near Salem, on or about April 3rd a dark brown mare, about 16 hands high, 12 or 14 years old, with a yoke on. Will reward liberally for her return or information as to her whereabouts; finder please leave mare at Farris' stable, Salem, or bring to me.	E. McWhirter, Salem, Ky.
Carl Henderson against Tennessee and Ohio River Transportation Co.; dismissed and settled,	Dr. W. J. J. Paris, medical services in smallpox cases since Jan. 1st, \$65.15.	Dr. R. F. Haynes, drugs for smallpox patients, \$28.90.	Not a Candidate.	Senator Deboe, when questioned in Washington in reference to the report that he is a candidate for Governor of Kentucky, or for a Presidential appointment, said with great earnestness: "I am not an applicant for any appointment, and am not a candidate for Governor of Kentucky. Those are questions I have not considered. I have a good many letters in regard to the Kentucky Governorship, but have given it no consideration."	2w TIS EASY TO FEEL GOOD.
The suits of John P. Reed, Jno P. Reed & Co., W. L. Moore, W. L. Moore & Co., against Illinois Central railroad were dismissed, set led.	The accused is preparing to make a vigorous defense. He is about 45 years of age and has been married. His alleged victim is 18 and recently became a mother.—Smithland Courier.	Dr. F. A. Frazer, services in smallpox cases, \$27.	Wm. C. Rice Dead.	Countless thousands have found a blessing to the body in Dr. King's New Life Pills, which positively cure consumption, sick headache, dizziness, jawache, fever and ague and all liver and stomach troubles. Purely vegetable, never grieve or weaken. Only 25 cents a bottle.	2w Wm. C. Rice Dead.
A motion for new trial in case of John Fritts against Kentucky Fluor Spar Co. was overruled, but the defendant was granted permission to appeal.	H. Koltinsky, provisions furnished smallpox patients, \$51.75.	J. M. Crider, poor house keeper allowed \$102.93.	Mr. W. C. Rice, one of the most prominent citizens of Caldwell county, died at his home in Frederonia Thursday. His death was caused from a complication of diseases. Mr. Rice was about sixty-five years of age. The deceased has been in ill health a number of years, but it was not until his wife died, during the latter part of December, that his condition changed for the worse. Mr. Rice leaves six children, Mrs. Walter Young, Miss Rubie Rice and Messrs. John Edward, William and Reginald Rice.	Strayed—from my home near Salem, on or about April 3rd a dark brown mare, about 16 hands high, 12 or 14 years old, with a yoke on. Will reward liberally for her return or information as to her whereabouts; finder please leave mare at Farris' stable, Salem, or bring to me.	E. McWhirter, Salem, Ky.

The Finest Cake

Is made with Royal Baking Powder. Always light, sweet, pure & wholesome.

I have the exclusive agency of the celebrated Green River Whiskey, 100 proof, double stamp goods, the whiskey without a headache. Call for prices.

Wm. Harrigan,

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

A LITTLE BOY.

I guess 't you don't like H'P boys.
I'm sorry 'cuz I made th' noise.
An' picked th' flowers, an' mark'd th'
door;
I ain't goin' to do it any more.
But I thought you liked H'P boys, becaus
My ma, she does.

My ma, she likes H'P boys; she thinks
They're nice, an' sorter laughs an' winks
Real fast like suthin' hurt her eyes
When I ask of H'P boys ever dies,
I think ma hates to have me grow,
She loves me so.

My ma sez I'm all she's got left.
I ain't very big ner much on heft,
But ma's a Jeet fil her arms,
An' see my smile is magic charms
What makes th' shadars go away
So they can't stay.

So I'm goin' home. Good-by, Miss Jones;
I wasn't tendin' throwin' stones
To hurt your cat; an' here's your flower.

Seemed like they was purtier'n ours.
I'm sorry for any H'P boy 't you had,
'Cuz you git mad.

Good-by, Miss Jones.
—Truman Roberts Andrews, in Lippincott's Magazine.

TUBBS WATERLOO.

J. Llewellyn Tubb was six feet tall, built like keystone, handsome as Apollo and dressed like a tailor's model. Among the veal of his own sex he was the glass of fashion and the mold of form; among women he ranked as a grand marshal of dress parade. He was a necessity at smart soirees for he led the german with a lithe grace and aplomb impossible to those who are not built and trained for that high achievement. He had a front that had borne him out of many a hole. He had no profession but "style" and just enough brains to dodge creditors indefinitely and get his accounts "mixed" with everybody who had financial dealings with him.

But after nearly six years, during which his debts grew in inverse ratio to his business reputation, he woke up one morning with a dim but insistent realization that he was nearing the end of his rope. In a mad effort to induce the payment of his rent Tubb's landlord had shut off the steam and the hot water. His last valet was loitering in the street, lowering at Tubb's window. He examined his mail—all bills; not a single pink note nor a polite invitation. So he laved his handsome face with cold water and perfume and began to think as vigorously as a rabbit that has heard the dog.

After breakfast he picked up his paper, lighted cigarette and reclined. His eye fastened on a brief dispatch from Albany, which read:

"Clifford A. Rogers, the millionaire lumber factor, formerly of Michigan, died here to-night. . . . He leaves an enormous fortune and his young wife . . . charming . . . young wife . . . charming . . . no children. . . . She is devoted to philanthropy. . . ."

Tubb dropped the paper, grabbed it again, reached for a scissors, clipped the Albany dispatch and with unaccustomed fervor and vulgarity murmured:

"Me to Albany! Me for the widow."

In half an hour, faultlessly dressed, gloved, groomed and debonair, he sauntered into an office in the Gasconade building upon the door of which was the legend:

"Huff & Peak, Bankers."

Mr. Huff was glad to see Mr. Tubb, but became a bit ferretty when the latter unfolded his business. He urged his plan to marry the Albany widow and his need of financial help for the campaign; claimed old acquaintance with the Rogers family and, with conscious plausibility, predicted that he could win and marry the prize "probably within six months, certainly within a year."

"How much will you need?" said Huff, twiddling his pencil.

"I should think \$3,000 would see me through," yawned J. Llewellyn Tubb with assuring sang froid.

Huff was in his office when a telegram was handed in. He tore it open and read:

"Mrs. Tubb says her signature is a forgery. Have protested note. Wire instructions."

And Huff replied:

"Arrest Tubb unless they pay to-night. Threaten exposure."

And the next day's newspapers had scare heads about "A Husband's Crime," "Scandal In High Life," and other fearful and elaborate accounts about how Clark had repudiated J. Llewellyn and his dark deeds, and had announced to the police and the public that "as soon as Tubb was in Sing Sing she would divorce him and try to live down the folly of a lonely widow's girlish trust in a wretch."

"Huff," growled Peck to his partner, "you're a chump."

"I know it," mourned the banker, "but it was a great scheme. Tubb was on the square, but he IS the limit as a prize ass. I always hated to do business with square people, anyhow."

Meanwhile Tubb actually got busy.

He wrote many letters to Albany, sent for its newspapers and was pretty well posted about Mrs. Rogers when Huff summoned him to hear the answer. It was not unfavorable. Tubb feigned ennui while the money lender read off the list of the widow's big estate, but every word was a trumpet note of triumph forestalled. Huff estimated the estate at something like \$800,000 after the incumbrances had been allowed, mostly stocks, bonds and real estate.

"We'll take a chance on this scheme, Mr. Tubb," said the Shylock, "but, as it's an unusual risk, you'll have to

expect to pay a rather considerable interest. If you pay in six months \$3,000 will cost you \$5,000; say, at the rate of 33 1/3 per cent. a year; but mind," the broker was insisting now, "mind you, if you fail to pay it all in six months you must renew the loan with note signed by your wife and yourself JOINTLY. If you do that we'll be glad to renew indefinitely."

This proposition ruffled the calm nerve of Tubb, and he made a feeble show of indignation, but Huff admitted airily that for his part he would be just as well satisfied if the deal was not made; it was most unusual, very hazardous at best and quite "out of our line."

"But," he concluded, "I've gone so far as to get cash ready, the note is filled out and if you want to do business NOW, all right. If not," and he picked up the slip of paper which Tubb could turn into \$3,000 so readily and made a motion as to tear it, "if not, I'll just tear this up and—"

Tubb reached for a pen, tapped it softly against his left glove and signed. After listening warily to a lot of instructions about "advising the office from week to week" and "excuse us if we take the liberty of prying a little into your lovemaking," Tubb walked out with six \$500 bills nestling against his mauve waistcoat. In ten days he checked three trunks for Albany and disappeared from his haunts like an errant cavalier. Four months later Huff got telegram. "Engagement made. Wedding private. All lovely but Clara." It was signed "Tubb," but it was quite unnecessary, for the banker had made a few secret trips to Albany, and having seen Clara doubted not that his client would win.

It lacked but a day of the six months when J. Llewellyn Tubb and bride arrived at the Hotel Detroit, honeymooners en tour, with enough baggage to equip a comic opera troupe.

The bellboys "allowed" that Mrs. J. Llewellyn was "a sight," but her husband showered money around until there was quite a flurry in the hotel, and Huff, Bunker Huff, who hovered in the corridors like a coyote waiting for night, sneered at the extravagance of the client whom he dogged. He cornered Tubb in a dark hallway, told him that the note would be due in 24 hours and asked whether the Tubbs wanted to pay up or renew."

"I'll renew, of course," said Tubb, haughtily, "our financial affairs are not yet arranged. I'll sign another no—"

"Yes, and remember she must sign, too," Huff was excited. "Don't forget THAT. Your wife must get on your paper this time, it ain't worth a d—"

"All right, all right; good day. I'm very busy to-day," and Tubb strode majestically away.

At ten o'clock the next morning Huff sent up his card to the Tubb suite. J. Llewellyn summoned him, and in a trice the banker was bowing before Clara. Tubb was just rising from the little secretaire with the new note in his hand; Huff bowed again and grinned, scanning the renewal. It was yet wet, as to the signatures, but Tubb reached for a blotter.

"I had one of our own blanks made out," said Huff, taking out his pocket-book.

"Oh, I was afraid you wouldn't, Mr. Huff," said the client, taking the old note when the banker had written "paid" across it. "I was afraid you'd delay us. We're just going out for a drive."

He tore the old note up, and bowed the Shylock toward the door. Huff folded up his doubly signed promise to pay, beamed upon the fat and squatly Clara and was gone. The next day the Tubbs left for Denver, and for many moons Huff and Peak heard not from them. When the note came due at last, it was in Albany where J. Llewellyn Tubb and bride were surrounded Barcelona, the capital of the state of Bermudez.

Ed Batson, the young white man charged with the murder of five members of the Earl family, near Lake Charles, La., has been indicted and will be tried in April. Batson stoutly denies his guilt and when arrested in Kentucky returned to Louisiana without a requisition. He was employed by the elder Earle, but left his farm the day before the murders were committed.

The Venezuelan revolution headed by Gen. Matos seems to be taking form. Eight hundred revolutionaries, under Gen. Penaloz, are besieging Carupano (a seaport town) in the state of Bermudez, and the revolutionaries under Gen. Monagas have

surrounded Barcelona, the capital of the state of Bermudez.

Ed Batson, the young white man charged with the murder of five members of the Earl family, near Lake Charles, La., has been indicted and will be tried in April. Batson stoutly denies his guilt and when arrested in Kentucky returned to Louisiana without a requisition. He was employed by the elder Earle, but left his farm the day before the murders were committed.

The actual growth of cotton in the year 1899 was, according to the census, equivalent to 9,434,333 bales of 500 pounds each, consisting of actual bales, round and square (light and heavy weight), weighing 4,717,166,466 pounds of lint. The product reported by ginners through the census bureau for 1899 was 9,345,391 500 pound bales, a difference from the actual production as reported by the farmers of 88,942 500 pound bales.

It has been settled that Pension Commissioner Evans will shortly sever his connection with the pension bureau to accept another position, probably as ambassador to one of the principal foreign governments.

C. C. Nelson, or a party answering to that name, wanted in Missouri as a bigamist, was arrested at San Antonio on the 23d. It is alleged Nelson has been married to nine living women, one of them in Arkansas.

The British tobacco combine has invaded this country in competition with the American Tobacco Company. This is in retaliation of the course of the American company invading Great Britain.

"Huff," growled Peak to his partner, "you're a chump."

"I know it," mourned the banker,

"but it was a great scheme. Tubb was

on the square, but he IS the limit as a

prize ass. I always hated to do busi-

ness with square people, anyhow."

Chicago Record-Herald.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

President Roosevelt has signed the bill creating a permanent census bureau.

The German emperor has named a torpedo boat "Alice Roosevelt," in honor of the president's daughter.

Congress will be asked to make a liberal appropriation for an Alaskan exhibit at the Louisiana purchase exposition.

Joseph Manley of Maine has been tendered the position of first assistant postmaster general, to succeed Mr. Johnson, resigned.

James R. Garfield, son of the late president, has been tendered the appointment of Civil service Commissioner, to succeed W. A. Rodenburg.

President Roosevelt will shortly take steps looking to the retirement of Gen. Miles on account of criticisms of the war department by the general.

Chinese troops met defeat from rebels in Fang Chang province. The rebels appear to be gaining in strength and have looted a number of towns.

A passenger train on the Southern Railroad was wrecked near Charlottesville, N. C., by a landslide, causing the death of a porter and an unknown white tramp.

Gen. Funston is to succeed Gen. MacArthur in command of the department of Colorado, the latter to be transferred to the department of the lakes, with headquarters at Chicago.

A majority and minority report on the isthmian canal has been submitted by committee of the senate. The majority opposes the Panama deal and the minority argues in its favor.

The ship subsidy bill has passed the senate by a vote of 42 to 31. Senators Allison and Dolliver, of Iowa, Spooner and Quarles of Wisconsin, and Proctor and Dillingham, of Vermont, republicans, voted against final passage of the bill and Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, voted for it.

Gen. Miles declares that if the bill introduced by Senator Hawley, at the instance of the war department, for the organization of a general staff for the army, should become a law he would decline to longer hold his commission. The bill lessens the power of the commander-in-chief.

The Venezuelan revolution headed by Gen. Matos seems to be taking form. Eight hundred revolutionaries, under Gen. Penaloz, are besieging Carupano (a seaport town) in the state of Bermudez, and the revolutionaries under Gen. Monagas have

surrounded Barcelona, the capital of the state of Bermudez.

The comparative statement of the commerce of the Philippine islands for the nine months ended September 30, 1901 and 1900, shows: The total value of merchandise imported during the nine months was \$21,818,212, against \$17,187,991 for the corresponding period of 1900, and the exports of merchandise amounted to \$18,866,798, against \$17,883,200 for 1900. These figures show an increase of 27 per cent for the imports and 6 per cent for the exports during the nine months.

Gold and silver were imported during the nine months of 1901 to the value of \$2,082,644, same period of 1900 \$2,363,291; exported during the 1901 period \$736,167, corresponding period of 1900 \$2,222,807. The value of merchandise coming from the United States for the nine months ended September 1, 1902, was \$2,112,190, an increase of \$1,140,218 over the corresponding period of 1900, while the exports for the same period of 1901 amounted to \$2,137,059, an increase of \$629,534.

Mrs. Amelia Patterson engaged in a street duel at Albion, Neb., with George Thompson, in which the man was fatally injured. The shooting was the result of a divorce case in which both parties figured.

The Turkish government has refused the demand of the United States for the repayment of the sum of money, \$72,500, paid to the brigands as a ransom for Miss Ellen M. Stone and her companion, Mrs.

Tsilkis.

Chas. Call shot and killed his brother, George Call, in a fight over a game of cards at Princeton, Mo.

About thirty people lost their lives in a fire which destroyed the Phoenix line pier at Hoboken, N. J.

M. T. Bevill has been appointed postmaster at Palmer, Monroe county, vice M. A. Simmons, resigned.

Thousands of head of sheep are dead and many people missing as the result of heavy snowstorms in Minnesota.

The Mississippi deaf mute institute, located at Jackson, was destroyed by fire on the 18th. All the inmates were rescued from the building.

Five thousand Americans from all sections of the country traveled to Juarez, Mex., to witness a bull fight, in which twenty horses and five bulls were inhumanely put to death.

The Mississippi deaf mute institute, located at Jackson, was destroyed by fire on the 18th. All the inmates were rescued from the building.

Rev. Mr. Houst, pastor of a Lutheran church at Patterson, N. J., was attacked and fatally stabbed by anarchists. Just after the assassination of President McKinley the minister preached a sermon severely denouncing anarchy, which is no doubt the cause of the assault.

The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that the proceeds of a life insurance policy, payable to a party insured of his legal representative, is a part of descendant's estate.

If, however, it is payable to some one else, the proceeds are not to be treated as a part of his estate, but are payable direct to the beneficiaries named in the policy, and are not subject to legacy tax.

A representative of the Associated Press has received a letter from Miss Stone, the American missionary, expressing surprise and gratitude at the universal manifestations of joy at the release of herself and Mme. Tsilka. Miss Stone also conveys her thanks to all those who by their labor, their money and their prayers co-operated to the release of herself and companion.

A horrible sight was viewed by the witnesses to a legal execution at Aberdeen, Miss., William Lanier, white, was the name of the man hanged, his crime being murder. When the trap was sprung the fall broke Lanier's neck, completely severing his head from the body. The head fell on one side, the body in another direction, while the noose rebounded to the floor of the scaffold.

A big fight is on between the American Tobacco Company and the Imperial Tobacco Company (the British combine) to control the trade of Great Britain. The English firm started a boycott, offering a bonus of 50,000 pounds, to be distributed among the dealers refusing to handle American goods.

The American company now comes back at the rival with an offer of 200,000 pounds to be distributed among dealers handling its product.

The comparative statement of the commerce of the Philippine islands for the nine months ended September 30, 1901 and 1900, shows: The total value of merchandise imported during the nine months was \$21,818,212, against \$17,187,991 for the corresponding period of 1900, and the exports of merchandise amounted to \$18,866,798, against \$17,883,200 for 1900. These figures show an increase of 27 per cent for the imports and 6 per cent for the exports during the nine months.

Gold and silver were imported during the nine months of 1901 to the value of \$2,082,644, same period of 1900 \$2,363,291; exported during the 1901 period \$736,167, corresponding period of 1900 \$2,222,807. The value of merchandise coming from the United States for the nine months ended September 1, 1902, was \$2,112,190, an increase of \$1,140,218 over the corresponding period of 1900, while the exports for the same period of 1901 amounted to \$2,137,059, an increase of \$629,534.

Mrs. Amelia Patterson engaged in a street duel at Albion, Neb., with George Thompson, in

A LULLABY.

You go to sleep, young feller,
This ain't no time of day,
To set up straight and solemn,
An' stare around that way.
Them moonbeams on the carpet
Ain't nothin' you can git,
Them's just to show the angels
Has got their hands on it.
You want 'em? Well, to-morrow
I'll get 'em if they keep,
But now it's nearly mornin',
So you jus' go to sleep.

No, sir! You can't be hungry,
You needn't jerk and fret,
I'm certain sure it was a
An hour since you et.
There, now, I ketched you smilin',
You little rascal! Shame!
To try to work your daddy
With such a low-down game.
No, never mind explorin',
You isn't no call to creep;
You stay here an' be quiet,
An' try an' go to sleep.

You see them stars out yonder?
Well, all o' them is eyes
That belongs to little angels
Way up there in the skies,
An' all them little angels
Ain't got a thing to do
But jus' set up Heaven.
An' keep them eyes on you.
The windows wide open,
An' starin' when they keep
In through the window at you—
You better go to sleep.

I don't know what you're sayin',
Your lingo's Greek to me,
But you know what I tell you,
That's easy for to see,
An' I'm jus' gettin' tired
O' runnin' you right.
An' talkin' like you listen,
Asmin' with delight.
I got to work to-morrow,
An' tain't fur you to keep
Me up all night a-trivin'
To make you go to sleep.

There, there, don't feel that way,
I jus' won't do it. Gee!
I know there ain't nobody
To love you 'ceptin' me.
You set up all you want to,
You needn't close an eye,
For dad is mighty sorry
He made his baby cry.
You need your ma, pore feller,
But she's a-layin' deep
Beneath the trees out yonder—
There, there, now go to sleep.

—J. J. Montague, in Portland Oregonian.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharoah, The Egyptian," Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1891, by Ward, Lock & Co.)

PART III.—CONTINUED.

An hour later the stranger was so far recovered as to be able to join his hosts at their evening meal. Between them they had managed to fit him out with a somewhat composite set of garments. He had shaved off his beard, had reduced his hair to something like order, and in consequence had now the outward resemblance at least of a gentleman.

"Come, that's better," said Gregory, as he welcomed him. "I don't know what your usual self may be like, but you certainly have more the appearance of a man, and less that of a skeleton than when we first brought you in. You must have been pretty hard put to it out yonder."

The recollection of all he had been through was so vivid that the man shuddered at the mere thought of it.

"I wouldn't go through it again for worlds," he said. "You don't know what I've endured."

"Trading over the border alone?" Gregory inquired.

The man shook his head.

"Tried to walk across from Peking," he said, "via Szechuan and Yunnan. Nearly died of dysentery in Yunnan city. While I was there my servants deserted me, taking with them every halfpenny I possessed. Being suspected by the mandarins, I was thrown into prison, managed eventually to escape, and so made my way on here. I thought to-day was going to prove my last."

"You have had a hard time of it, by Jove," said Dempsey; "but you've managed to come out of it alive. And now where are you going?"

"I want, if possible, to get to Rangoon," the other replied. "Then I shall ship for England as best as I can. I've had enough of China to last me a lifetime."

From that moment the stranger did not refer again to his journey. He was singularly reticent upon this point, and feeling that perhaps the recollection of all he had suffered might be painful to him, the two men did not press him to unbend himself.

"He's a strange sort of fellow," said Gregory to Dempsey, later in the evening, when the other had retired to rest. "If he has walked from Peking here, as he says, he's more than a little modest about it. I'll be bound he is a funny story if only he would condescend to tell it."

They would have been more certain than ever of this fact had they been able to see their guest at that particular moment. In the solitude of his own room he had removed a broad leather belt from round his waist. From the pocket of this belt he shook out upwards of a hundred rubles' and sapphires of extraordianary size. He counted them carefully, replaced them in his belt, and then once more secured the latter about his waist.

"At last I am safe," he muttered to himself, "but it was a close shave—a very close shave. I wouldn't do that journey again for all the money the stones are worth. Not for twice the amount."

Next morning George Bertram, as he called himself, left Nampoung for Bhamo, with Gregory's check for 500 rupees in his pocket.

"You must take it," said that individual in reply to the other's half-hearted refusal of the assistance.

"Treat it as a loan if you like. You can return it to me when you are in better circumstances. I assure you we don't want it. We can't spend money out here."

Little did he imagine when he made that offer, the immense wealth which the other carried in the belt that encircled his waist. Needless to say, Hayle said nothing to him upon the subject. He merely pocketed the check with an expression of his gratitude, promising to repay it as soon as he reached London. As a matter of fact he did so, and to this day, I have no doubt, Gregory regards him as a man of the most scrupulous and unusual integrity.

Two days later the wanderer reached Bhamo, that important military post on the sluggish Irrawaddy. His appearance, thanks to Gregory's and Dempsey's kind offices, was now sufficiently conventional to attract little or no attention, so he negotiated the captain's check, fitted himself out with a few other things that he required, and then set off for Mandalay. From Mandalay he proceeded as fast as steam could take him to Rangoon, where, after the exercise of some diplomacy, he secured passage aboard a tramp steamer bound for England.

When the Shweyagon was lost in the evening mist, and the steamer had made her way slowly down the sluggish stream with the rice-fields on either side, Hayle went aft and took his last look at the land to which he was saying good-by.

"A quarter of a million if a half-penny," he said, "and as soon as they are sold and the money is in my hands, the leaf shall be turned, and my life for the future shall be all respectability."

PART IV.

Two months had elapsed since the mysterious traveler from China had left the lonely frontier station of Nampoung. In outward appearance it was very much the same as it had been then. The only difference consisted in the fact that Capt. Gregory and his subaltern Dempsey, having finished their period of enforced exile, had returned to Bhamo to join the main body of their regiment. A Capt. Handiman and a subaltern named Grantham had taken their places, and were imitating them inasmuch as they spent the greater portion of their time fishing and complaining of the hardness of their lot. It was the more unfortunate in their case that they did not get on very well together. The fact of the matter was Handiman was built on very different lines to Gregory, his predecessor; he gave himself airs, and was fond of asserting his authority. In consequence the solitary life at the ford sat heavily upon both men.

One hot afternoon Grantham, who was a keen sportsman, took his gun, and, accompanied by a wiry little Shan servant, departed into the jungle on shikar thoughts intent. He was less successful than usual; indeed, he had proceeded fully three miles before he saw anything worth emptying his gun at. In the jungle the air was as close as a hothouse, and the perspiration ran down his face in streams.

"What an ass I was to come out!" he said angrily to himself. "This heat is unbearable."

At that moment a crashing noise reached him from behind. Turning to discover what occasioned it, he was just in time to see a large boar cross the clearing and disappear into the bamboos on the further side. Taking his rifle from the little Shan he set off in pursuit. It was no easy task, for the jungle in that neighborhood was so dense that it was well-nigh impossible to make one's way through it. At last, however, they hit upon a dried up nullah, and followed it along, listening as they went to the progress the boar was making among the bamboos on their right. Presently they sighted him, crossing an open space a couple of hundred yards or so ahead of them. On the further side he stopped and began to feed. This was Grantham's opportunity, and, sighting his rifle, he fired. The beast dropped like a stone, well hit, just behind the shoulder. The report, however, had scarcely died away before the little Shan held up his hand to attract Grantham's shoulder.

"What is it?" the other inquired.

Before the man had time to reply his quick ear caught the sound of a faint call from the jungle on the other side of the nullah. Without doubt it was the English word help, and, whether the man might be who he called, it was plain that he was in sore straits.

"What the deuce does it mean?" said Grantham, half to himself and half to the man beside him. "Some poor devil got lost in the jungle, I suppose? I'll go and have a look."

Having climbed the bank of the nullah, he was about to proceed in the direction whence the cry had come, when he became aware of the most extraordinary figure he had ever seen in his life approaching him. The appearance Hayle had presented when he had turned up at the Ford two months before was nothing compared with that of this individual. He was a small man, not more than five feet in height. His clothes were in rags, a grizzly bear grew in patches upon his cheeks and chin, while his hair reached nearly to his shoulders. His face was pinched until it looked more like that of a skeleton than a man. Grantham stood and stared at him, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

"Good Heavens," he said to himself, "what figure! I wonder where the beggar hails from?" Then addressing the man, he continued: "Are you an Englishman, or what are you?"

The man before him, however, did not reply. He placed his finger on his lips, and turning, pointed in the direction he had come.

"Either he doesn't understand, or he's dumb," said Grantham. "But it's quite certain that he wants me to follow him somewhere."

"At last I am safe," he muttered to himself, "but it was a close shave—a very close shave. I wouldn't do that journey again for all the money the stones are worth. Not for twice the amount."

Next morning George Bertram, as he called himself, left Nampoung for Bhamo, with Gregory's check for 500 rupees in his pocket.

"You must take it," said that individual in reply to the other's half-hearted refusal of the assistance.

Turning to the man again, he signed to him to proceed, whereupon the little fellow hobbled painfully away from the nullah in the direction whence he had appeared. On and on he went until he at length came to a standstill at the foot of a hill, where a little stream came spashing down in a miniature cascade from the rocks above. Then Grantham realized the meaning of the little man's action. Stretched out beside a rock was the tall figure of a man. Like his companion, he presented a miserable appearance. His clothes, if clothes they could be called, were in rags; his hair was long and snowy white, matching his beard, which descended to within a few inches of his waist. His eyes were closed, and for a moment Grantham thought he was dead. This was not the case, however, for upon his companion approaching him he held out his hand and inquired whether he had discovered the man who had fired the shot?

To Grantham's surprise the other made no reply in words, but, taking his friend's hand he made some mysterious movements upon it with his fingers, whereupon the latter raised them to a sitting position.

"My friend tells me that you are an Englishman," he said, in a voice that shook with emotion. "I'm glad we have found you. I heard your rifleshot and hailed you. We are in sore distress, and have been through such adventures and such misery as no man would believe. I have poisoned my foot, and am unable to walk any further. As you can see for yourself I am blind, while my companion is dumb."

This statement accounted for the smaller man's curious behavior and the other's closed eyes.

"You have suffered indeed," said Grantham, pityingly. "But how did it all come about?"

"We were traders, and we fell into the hands of the Chinese," the taller man answered. "With their usual amiability they set to work to torture us. My companion's tongue they cut out at the roots, while, as I have said, they deprived me of my sight. After that they turned us loose to go where we would. We have wandered here, there and everywhere, living on what we could pick up, and dying thousand deaths every day."

"Why it should have been so I cannot say, but it was evident from the first that Capt. Handiman did not believe the account the refugees gave of themselves. He was one of that peculiar description of persons who have an idea that adds to their dignity not to believe anything that is told them, and he certainly acted up to it on every possible occasion.

There was another and somewhat longer pause.

"You did not hear whether we had any precious stones in his possession?"

"Good gracious, no! From what they told me I gathered that the man hadn't a halfpenny in the world. Why should he have been likely to have had jewels? In point of fact I'm sure he hadn't, for I was given to understand he was about as woe-begone a customer as could be found anywhere."

The blind man uttered a heavy sigh and sank back to his former position upon the ground.

An hour and a half later, just as the shadows of evening were drawing in, a party of Sikhs put in an appearance, bringing with them a dhowy, in which they placed the injured man. It was almost dark when they reached the station, where Grantham's superior officer was awaiting their coming.

"What on earth's the meaning of this?" he asked, as the cortège drew up before the bungalow. "Who are these men? And where did you find them?"

Grantham made his report, and then the wounded man was lifted out and carried to a hut at the rear of the main block of buildings. The little man watched everything with an eagle eye, as if he were afraid some evil might be practiced upon his companion. When the blind man had been placed on a bed, and his foot attended to as well as the rough surgery of the place would admit, Grantham did something he had not already done, and that was to ask them their names.

"My name is Kitwater," said the blind man, "and the name of my friend here is Codd—Septimus Codd. He's one of the best and stanchest little fellows in the world. I don't know whether our names will convey much to you, but such as they are you are welcome to them. As a matter of fact, they are all we have with which to requite your hospitality."

Only recently there came before the senate a resolution providing for the appointment of 20 additional clerks to the senate clerical force; and it would have been adopted but for the vigorous and determined opposition of Senator Allison, of Iowa, the chairman of the committee on appropriations. You must understand that each branch of the congress has a contingent fund, and out of that fund each house pays its employees regardless of what the other house may do. Neither the senate nor the house of representatives encroach upon the contingent fund of the other. Consequently, if the proposed resolution had been adopted, the contingent fund of the senate would have been increased and the additional clerks have been employed, while the general public would have known nothing of it whatever. Immediately thereafter, the house of representatives, looking after its own rights to the spoils of office, would have increased its contingent fund, and employed 20 additional clerks, although their work is not needed.

Now as to the effort to have 20 additional clerks appointed for the senate, there is one reason worthy of your attention. The senate pay roll has been increased from time to time, because the senators have so much required of them that they cannot attend to all of their duties without additional help. Instead of appealing direct to the people for additional help, the senators have anticipated that the people would object to direct additional expenditures; and so they have voted additional clerks, messengers and laborers for the senate. But those employees have not worked for the senate at all. They have worked for individual senators as stenographers and confidential clerks. Thus the senators have gained by indirection what they dared not take directly, although they were entitled to additional help.

It is beautiful, grand!" she declared. "It is magnificent!" Then suddenly, to the utter discomfiture of the persistent artist, she added:

"And of whom, pray tell me, sir, is this a portrait?"

When Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was in one of our western cities a few years ago an artist exasperated her by persistent invitations to visit his studio to see a portrait of herself, relates the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. He had made it, he said, from a painting which he had seen and studied in Paris some time before.

Finally, after repeated urging on his part, she went to the studio. Standing before the canvas she simulated the keenest rapture as she looked at the portrait, and she complimented the man in extravagant French.

"It is beautiful, grand!" she declared. "It is magnificent!" Then suddenly, to the utter discomfiture of the persistent artist, she added:

"And of whom, pray tell me, sir, is this a portrait?"

One of Mme. Bernhardt's best portraits was painted by M. de Gondara. The actress had come to his studio to make the preliminary arrangements. As she was leaving she half turned at the doorway to make her adieus and unconsciously fell into an admirable pose, of which the artist took immediate advantage.

KNEW TOO MUCH.

A young man employed in an oyster shop has lost his situation, and this because he gave prompt answer to his employer's eager question. The employer had six lively little land turtles, which attracted much attention as they wandered aimlessly about the window. He painted a large white letter on the back of each of the shells and put up a notice to the effect that whenever the turtles got into such relative positions that the letters spelled "oyster," he would present half a dozen natives to everyone who was looking on. Then he became frightened lest the mystic word should occur too often, and covered reams of paper figuring out the odds. He gave it up at last, and was about to remove the turtles when his most accomplished oyster opener informed him that the odds were 720 to 1 against the combination. The turtles are still in the window, but the oyster opener has gone. Such knowledge of odds, the employer thought, could have been acquired only by years of betting experience. It is not wise to be too wise.

Unexpected Erratum.

An absent-minded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for a luncheon.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Fried eggs," replied the professor.

"Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one.

"Ova?" echoed the professor, surprised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered. Ova gallinae."

This the waiter interpreted as meaning "extra well done," and that is the way they came to the table.

Made It Boiling Mad.

It probably made the kettle boil when the pot called it black.—Chicago Daily News.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

Useless Employees Devour Big Percentage of Our Revenue.

A State of Affairs for Which No Political Party is Responsible, But Which Should Be Abolished at Once.

(Special Washington Letter.)

REVERTING to the thesis that imperialism exists in our republic, and comes to stay,

there must be uttered the corollary that with developing imperialism that has developed extravagance in government expenditures which is naturally imperial in its nature and boundlessness.

One of the elements of extravagance long well known to experienced newspaper men has been the top-heaviness of the pay-rolls of the senate and house of representatives. The business of the congress might easily be transacted with one-half of the number of employees now on the pay roll. Competent men and women might also be obtained for smaller salaries; and each individual have a competence, with enough to "lay aside for rainy day."

Only recently there came before the senate a

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, - Publisher
WALTER WALKER, Manager.

OBITUARIES.—Not exceeding 10 lines will be published free of charge. All over 10 lines at 5 cents per line.
RFSOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.—\$1.00

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce
OLLIE M. JAMES
a candidate to represent the First District of Kentucky in Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

"Glad to Hear It."

There was once a man who had a way of replying to every bit of information his own questions elicited with the phrase, "glad to hear, glad to hear it." One day he called upon a neighbor and meeting the neighbor at the door, put the familiar query: "How's your health and how is your family?" The neighbor replied that his wife had just died. "Glad to hear it, glad to hear," came forth the usual ejaculation. The force of habit or a lack of the power of differentiation produced a very ludicrous situation for the man. While this incident has long been a matter of history, the name of the individual, like the cognomen of the fellow who hit Billy Patterson, had never been discovered until recently. We have found him and his name is Jim Lemon of the Mayfield Messenger. He is an all around good fellow, but is totally devoid of the power of discrimination. To illustrate, the time named for the congressional primary, two years ago, was a little more than thirty days from the day the call was promulgated, while this year the time is seventy days from the day of the issuing of the call. Notwithstanding the little difference of thirty days in favor of this year, Bro. Lemon assumes that thirty days is the same thing as seventy days, or that ten dollars will buy as much hash as twenty dollars, and quotes from the PRESS of two years ago to prove it. We must admit that the veracity of the witness can not be questioned, and that its "reputation for truth and veracity among its friends and neighbors" is good, but two years ago it was talking about one month, and this year it has to discuss two months. They are not the same, but no doubt, Bro. Lemon, if they were you would be "glad to hear it."

Another matter that serves to point the moral of this tale is this: two years ago the congressional committee provided that the expenses of the primary should be assessed ratably among the candidates and that the pay for election officers should not exceed \$3.50 to the precinct. "This year the committee added the following significant words: "It is hoped that there can be found sufficient number of loyal Democrats in each county who will make capable election officers to hold said primary WITHOUT CHARGE FOR THEIR SERVICES."

Now Bro. Lemon can see no more difference between the utterances of the committee two years ago and this year than he could see between the use of his phrase, "glad to hear it," when his friend was in sorrow and when he was in joy. Blind to the plain points of divergence, he again quotes from the PRESS' comment upon the action of the committee in 1900 to prove that its provision in 1902 is wrong. At the risk of being called egotistical, we congratulate the messenger upon its wisdom in selecting its mentor, if it would keep in touch with us, instead of following along two years behind, its efforts not to live in vain might materialize.

Two years ago the committee, by providing that the pay of election officers should be such and such a sum invited an expensive primary, and the PRESS protested. This year the committee virtually, and in appropriate language, asks

the Democrats of the districts to hold the election without charge. In view of the precedent set two years ago, we believe, as stated two weeks ago, the committee did the best thing.

The action of the committee in making the request is a start in the right direction, and we most heartily commend the gentlemen who constitute it for this movement. A request from the official head of the party will crystallize public opinion, and the day will come, in spite of the spirit of commercialism, when no member of the committee will have to tell his fellow committee men that the Democrats of his county MUST be paid to hold the party's primary. Only one member of the committee had to make this statement this year, and as paradoxical as it may seem, this gentleman, while declaring that the officers in his county must be paid, voted for Mr. Crossland's resolution, which provided no means for the payment.

It has been charged that Mr. James' friends were in the majority on that committee, and that the resolutions adopted were "cut and dried." If this be true, then the Messenger, and all others who believe in the position assumed by the PRESS two years ago, have Mr. James' friends to thank for the setting of our faces towards the inexpensive primary.

What stronger endorsement could the committee give the ideas advanced by this paper two years ago than that given in the kindly, courteous, yet unmistakable request that the loyal Democrats in each county hold the primary election "without charges for their services?" Could the committee say to the Democrats, "You MUST hold the primary without pay?" No, the Democratic party is not a party of force, bluster or bluff. It believes in the consent of the governed, and with this spirit actuating it, the committee does no demand but requests. Could the committee, exercising good business judgment, afford a call a primary without making any provision for the necessary expense? Must the call be made and everything else be left to chance, with the probability of the polls being opened at some places and not at others? Surely a haphazard, slipshod, easy-go-lucky fashion is not courted by any Democrat. Let everything be done decently and in order.

If Mr. James' friends are responsible for the request made of the Democrats of the district to hold the primary without charge, then we congratulate them and the party upon the timely and sensible effort to get back to the old landmarks.

To sum up: two years ago the PRESS wanted the primary held without charge; this year the committee wants it held without charge; it is claimed that the committee represents Mr. James' wishes; if this be true, he wants it held without charge, and Mr. Crossland wants it held without charge. Now, it rests with the people. We are unable to see where "ring rule" comes in, unless it is the cry of a man who, without faith in his own merit, wants an opportunity to say,

"What a bully boy am I!"

Just think of the poor excuse the CRITTENDEN PRESS puts up, because the ring would not allow it to print the ballots.—Mayfield Messenger.

We notice that you failed to give your readers an opportunity to read that "poor excuse." Give them a chance and they will do more than "just think."

Our preachers are faring fairly well in the mineral developments, and taking laudable interest in the matter. Bro. Franks sold his farm at a good price, Bro. Carter's farm is on one of the main leads; Bro. Montgomery assisted in the publication of one of the best articles that has carried abroad the news of the discovery of zinc; Bro. Bigham has a farm that has nothing but metal and cross cuts on it,

A vote for Ollie James is a vote for a leader whose capability is already established, whose loyalty is unquestioned and whose fitness no one assails.

The railroad or somebody else run an excursion train from Mayfield via Paducah to Benton Monday. It is stated that the excursionists were required to wear Crossland badges or buy potatoes. After the speaking there was a big rush for the "tater wagons."

We congratulate the readers of the Mayfield Messenger upon the opportunity its readers have of getting matter two years old from the PRESS. It's the latest news they find, however, in the Messenger. Give them some of our late issues, Bro. Lemon.

Able and aggressive, courageous and talented, Ollie James won his way to the hearts of the masses of his party by pushing their cause when it most needed brave leaders, and by defending the battles when the enemy without was the strongest and the wavering within the most dangerous.

Born a quarter of a century before James, serving nine counties of the district as commonwealth's attorney, making one canvass for circuit judge, an avowed candidate for congress for twelve months, Mr. Crossland cries out, "rings and rings," because he is not given thrice the time given the candidates two years ago in which to get acquainted with his party. Methuselah had more grounds to complain of the brevity of his early morning gambol on the dewy swards of mother earth, than has Sam Crossland to nourish a half grown sigh about his treatment in this matter.

Small Audience Hear Willits.

Dr. A. A. Willits was heard at the opera house Saturday evening in his great lecture, "Sunshine." The audience was highly pleased. Many consider the lecture the best ever delivered in the city. Only a small audience heard the distinguished gentleman, who came from his home at Spring Lake, New Jersey, to fill the engagement. Marion will not support a good lecture course, judging by the audiences that have attended the lyceum entertainments brought to the city this year. "The Brilliant Constellation" lyceum course cost the manager of the opera house \$550. He has lost heavily. The Southern Lyceum Bureau states that the six features constitute a course the equal of which is not enjoyed by any other town of this size in the State. However, it has not received the patronage deserved, and Marion will have no lecture course next season.

Col. Ham will not appear here April 17th as announced. He has been very ill for several days at his home in Georgia. Gov Taylor and his singers will be the next feature. Col. Ham will fill his engagement in May or June.

Mrs. Ingram's Entertainment.

The entertainment to be given at the opera house Wednesday evening, April 16th, promises to be quite a society event. Twelve young ladies of the city and Mr. Minnehan, of Evansville, will assist Mrs. Ingram, the popular music instructor, in rendering a program of unusual merit. The prices of admission will be, children 15 cents, general admission 25 cents, reserved seats 50 cents. The program is as follows:

Song..... Miss Mary Maxwell
Pantomime..... Miss Melville Glenn
Song..... Mr. Minnehan
Ribbon Duet..... Young Ladies
Harp Solo..... Mrs. Jenkins
Song..... Miss Maud Roney
Recitation..... Miss Rose Schwab
Song..... Miss Kitty Gray
Quartette (vocal)..... Young Ladies
Drill—Revel of Naiads—Young Ladies

Salaries Raised.

The court of claims raised the salaries of the county judge and county attorney while in session last week. The judges' salary was raised from \$600 to \$625 annually, while that of the county attorney was advanced from \$500 to \$550.

To the Public.

I take this method of announcing that I have released my son, Fred C. Farmer, from all obligations to me, and gave him, as far as I am concerned, the right to transact business independent of me. Hereafter I will not be responsible for any act of his, or any contract made by him.

J. B. Farmer,
Marion, Ky.

CAMPAIGN OPENS.

The Congressional Candidates Join Issues at Benton.

A GREAT CROWD AND A LIVELY TIME

BENTON, KY., April 7.—County court, "potato day," and the joint debate between the three congressional candidates brought a great crowd to the capital city of Marshall county today.

While the congressional race had not been widely talked among the people, scores of the sovereigns already knew how they were going to vote, and the presence of the candidates aroused general interest, and when the hour for speaking arrived the court house was packed with people, eager to hear the opening speeches.

When the towering form of Ollie James appeared before the crowd, he was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. He was no stranger to the people of Marshall county, having stood on the same spot and advocated the cause of Democracy on more than one previous occasion; he felt that he was not among strangers, and the people had not forgotten him, nor the occasion of his former visits.

Mr. James opened his speech with a discussion of national politics, touching briefly upon the salient features. When he said, I stand for the Democracy as at present organized and as represented by Bryan, and against the reorganization as proposed by Cleveland, there was a storm of applause that showed he was in touch with the audience. His handling of the tariff, the trusts, the Philippine question, and his suggestion that, if President Roosevelt must, in response to a sentiment in this country, send an envoy to witness and applaud the crowning of King Edward, he should recognize and honor the sentiment that stands for the little republic of South Africa, and send an envoy to cheer the struggling little band of Boers, who were bleeding under the grasp of the iron hand of that king, the audience again showed their approval of the position of the speaker. He took up Mr. Crossland's circular, and paid his respects to the position of that gentleman in a respectful but forceful manner, and the lusty cheers that greeted his answers to Mr. Crossland's strictures upon the primary showed that his position met the warmest approval of the largest portion of that audience.

Mr. Crossland followed Mr. James, discussing the tariff principally, until he came to the defense of his position in his circular. He repeated his circular statements, charging that James wanted an early primary and stating that he wanted a late one. Mr. Crossland also referred to the PRESS, joining issue with it in reference to May 24 being as leisure time as the farmers will have before the tobacco is housed. He said they would be setting tobacco on that day, which means, we presume, that he has arranged with the weather bureau for a shower on that day. Mr. Crossland received some applause, but his speech was not altogether a strong one.

Mr. Greenup followed, discussing national issues; then Mr. James' fifteen minutes rejoinder came, and his replies to Mr. Crossland were to the point and telling, and the audience was in an uproar of applause and laughter until the end.

The speakers were in the best of humor, and so was the audience throughout the discussion. James has a strong following in this county, and his friends were more than delighted with the result of the discussion. They gathered about him by the score after the speaking to congratulate him upon his speech and assure him of their support. His Marshall county friends claim that it was a great day for their candidate.

A special train was run from Mayfield to Benton, presumably loaded down with Crossland men. After the speaking—

"They folded their tents like the Arabs,

And as silently stole away."

Don't wear an old style hat. Buy ours and get the right style at the right price.

J. B. Farmer,
Marion, Ky.

RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR TOLU and SALEM.

The ladies of the above places will have an opportunity to see a lovely and eminently stylish line of

Millinery Goods, Ready-Made Skirts, Waists and Novelties.

MR. C. OPPENHEIMER, of Marion, will be at

TOLU Monday and Tuesday, Apr. 14-15
SALEM Wednesday and Thurs Apr 16-17

Don't miss this opportunity of seeing a line of up-to-date Millinery Goods. Public is cordially invited.

C. OPPENHEIMER.

Big Damage Suit Filed.

W. L. Moore has filed suit against John P. Reed for the sum of \$10,000. Moore alleges that Reed slandered him in so much as the former accused Moore of stealing hogs.

ICE.—I will handle ice again this season; will greatly appreciate your patronage. To those who will settle as often as every two weeks, and on all cash purchases, I will give the blue trading stamp.

J. W. Givens.

In case of sickness and in need of pure whisky, call for "Green River" at Haynes' drug store.

FOR SALE—Piano, upright, nearly new, New York make, original price \$300, present price \$155 cash. Write W. W. Kimball Co., Evansville, Ind., for description.

Hearin

Has Something to Say.

Dr. Curran Pope, of Louisville, made a flying trip here on Tuesday, returning the same day. He is getting ready for active work on one or more of his options.

Blue & Nunn have purchased the north quarter section of the Columbia property for \$2,800. This contains about nine and a half acres and is a record breaking price per acre for land in this district. The property was purchased from the Page & Krausse company of St. Louis.

Women disagree on almost every subject, but everyone who has seen our line of Summer Dress Goods are unanimous in declaring that no store in Marion ever shown such a great line of up-to-date Dress Goods.

"The prettiest and cheapest line I ever saw" is an expression we hear every time we show these goods.

CLIFTONS.

If you are out looking for bargains go to Taylor & Hurley's.

Calendar salesmen will be coming around pretty soon. Hold your order for me. Will give you best grade of work at a moderate price.

Joe Bourland.

Calendars are made and kept up the prices, and we still want all you have; while we thank our many patrons of the past we would like to get as many more, and will do so if you will come in and see us; that is if good goods, low prices, and fair dealing is any inducement to you; and we ask is a trial and the work is done; so when you are in the city and want to buy call in and we will treat you kindly, appreciate your trade, and make it to your interest and bear in mind with every purchase you get a ticket that entitles you to some of our beautiful tablware to be seen on our shelves.

Yours to please,
A. M. HEARIN & SON.

We are now ready to make contracts for ice for the season.

IT NEVER FAILS!

Just what you need at this season.

MILD LAXATIVE.

NERVOUS SEDATIVE.

SPLENDID TONIC.

Guaranteed by your Druggists.

Don't take any substitute. Try it.

50ct. and \$1 Bottles.

Now open for engagements. High class music furnished at reasonable prices. A good orchestra in connection.

For particulars, prices, etc., call or write

C. P. Noggle,

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, - Publisher
WALTER WALKER, Manager.

ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

Your Choice

-OF A-

Delker Buggy Corydon Wagon

Walter A. Wood Mowing
Machine and Hay Rake

FREE!

To the person that makes the nearest guess as to the number of shot contained in the bottle on display in our show window. Contest closes July 4th.

A Guess for each One Dollar Purchase.

Cochran & Baker,
MARION, KY.

Old Hickory, full proof, for sale by Doss.

Take your eggs and chickens to J. W. Pritchett, Gladstone, if you want the highest market price.

Mr. Henry Ledbetter and family, of Elizabethtown, Ills., are the guests of relatives at this place.

Col. D. C. Roberts returned Sunday from Chicago, after spending several days with his family.

I have fifteen of the leading brands of Whiskey. See me personally for prices.

Wm. Harrigan.

Miss Emma Hammond returned last week from Evansville, where she has been visiting relatives.

If you want the best shoes on earth, come to see us.

Taylor & Hurley.

Miss Rosa Kevil has returned from Union county where she was engaged in teaching a spring school.

Marion Jackson, a gentleman of color, was carved pretty severely Saturday night. His assailant was unknown.

Some smart man a long time ago said that economy was the greatest of all revenues, which is the same as saying that saving money is better than making it. We are holding out economy every day to our customers.

Saving Money on Necessary Purchases is Economy.

Buying goods that wear and look well is economy.

Trading at a store that enables you to do these things is economy — That's us.

CLIFTONS.

More Bargains than any other store in Crittenden County.

Dr. J. E. Hadley is the only registered veterinary surgeon in the county.

Miss Ebba Pickens returned to Bowling Green Sunday, where she has a position in a business college.

Good work and courteous treatment is what you receive if you are a patron of the Magnet laundry, Jas. Hicklin agent.

Kearney Blue will call for your laundry every week and guarantee satisfaction. Headquarters at H. K. Woods & Co's drug store.

A dance was enjoyed by the young people at the opera house Wednesday evening after the show "The Breezy Time" orchestra rendered the music.

Show your appreciation of good music and literary talent by attending Mrs. Ingram's entertainment Wednesday evening, April 16th.

If it is nice dress goods "that are new and good style" you must not buy until you see

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

J. W. Pritchett, at his store at Gladstone, is daily receiving new spring and summer goods, and his prices are "away down there."

Quarterly meeting was held at the Methodist church Sunday. Rev. Bigham conducted the services in the morning and evening.

Nice line of dress goods.

Taylor & Hurley.

Our New Mattings, Carpets and House Furnishings are the ones you want.

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Mr. C. S. Nunn is in Louisville.

Mr. J. C. Bourland of the PRESS was in Sturgis Monday.

FOR SALE—A good horse. Apply to Geo. M. Crider.

For a nice nobby suit of clothes go to Taylor & Hurley.

Pure apple Brandy, imported Gin, best Wines at Doss'.

Miss Sallie Woods left Tuesday for Cincinnati, to enter the conservatory of music.

Rev. Jas. F. Price is attending the Cumberland Presbytery, which is in session at Sturgis.

Dr. R. J. Morris, the dentist, will be in Salem Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

See our new spring goods.

Taylor & Hurley.

Frank Robinson, a son of Mr. John Robinson, residing near the Memphis mines, died last week after a long illness.

For medicinal purposes there is nothing better than "Old J. B. T." Old Stone or Cold Spring. For sale by C. E. Doss.

Esq. Brewster, of Carrsville was in town Monday en route to Sturgis to attend the Cumberland Presbytery.

Buy your Oxfords from us and get the right one.

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

No session of the city council was held Tuesday night as the mayor was out of the city and a quorum was not present.

Messrs Tom Clifton, R. C. Walker, E. J. Hayward and L. W. Bruce went to Benton Monday to hear the congressional candidates.

Marriage licenses were issued this week to W. E. Sullivan and Miss Ada Edwards, Jacob A. Thomason and Miss Anna Bell Swansey.

The State Board of Equalization has raised the tax rate for Crittenden county as follows: 27 per cent on farm lands and personal property, and 6 per cent on town lots.

Every store sells dry goods, and they all sell the best. Compare with ours. We always lead

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Mr. Oppenheimer will be in Town Monday and Tuesday with a pretty line of millinery goods. The ladies of that community should not fail to see him.

Pure whiskey, brandies and wines for medicinal purposes at Haynes' drug store.

On Wednesday and Thursday of next week Mr. Oppenheimer will be in Salem with an assortment of millinery, ready-made skirts and waists.

A lecture on Health and Hygiene will be delivered by Mrs. Mollie A. Holtzclaw, at her home Friday, April 11, at 3 p. m. Mothers and daughters only are invited

Mrs. Ingram's entertainment at the opera house Wednesday evening, April 16th should be witnessed by a large audience. Seats will be placed on sale Monday.

A No. 1 Davis county whiskey for \$2 per gallon at Haynes' drug store.

Dr. J. E. Hadley, the veterinary surgeon, occupies the residence on Bellville street, just opposite Wallingford's livery stable, formerly occupied by Dr. Daugherty.

Salem and Livingston county people desiring dental work will find Dr. R. J. Morris of this city, at the hotel in Salem, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Compare! Compare!

Compare our celebra-

ted \$7.50 suits with any

that you would pay \$9.00

for elsewhere. Compare

the tailoring, compare

the trimmings, compare

the style, compare the

fit, compare the quality

of the goods. Compare

is our best argument.

CLIFTONS.

137

Lights and Shades

It looks as though Gilbert's heart was Pierced.

She—I want you to see my new piano the next time you call.

He—When do you expect it?

She—in about six months.

Agent Johnson, of the Illinois Central, says that the cash receipts for tickets last month were a trifle more than double that of March, 1901.

We sadly miss Mr. Press Maxwell's appetite at the dining table of the Franklin House, and incidentally of course, Mr. Maxwell himself.

We sowed lettuce and radishes last Tuesday evening and on Wednesday morning every seed was up; this was not caused by the fertility of the soil. Clem Nunn's hens were the active agents in this horticultural success.

W. Marcus Hasta Clifton is a decided monopolist; at least he was last Sunday evening, with two of Marion's most charming young ladies under his escort; he would scarcely allow Capt. Haase time to tell one of his short stories.

"The First Mother's Club" will meet Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, says the Courier, of Evansville. What an antique gathering that will be. Eve and Lot's wife and Sarah and Rebecca, and will they play ping pong or devote themselves to raising Cain.

One of our dry goods merchants, T. Petronius Clifton, made the speech of his life over at Benton the other day. On being asked whether he was a Democrat or a Republican he promptly replied, "Seven cents a yard and all other stores ask ten for the same goods."

Marriage licenses were issued this week to W. E. Sullivan and Miss Ada Edwards, Jacob A. Thomason and Miss Anna Bell Swansey.

The State Board of Equalization has raised the tax rate for Crittenden county as follows: 27 per cent on farm lands and personal property, and 6 per cent on town lots.

Every store sells dry goods, and they all sell the best. Compare with ours. We always lead

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Mr. Oppenheimer will be in Town Monday and Tuesday with a pretty line of millinery goods. The ladies of that community should not fail to see him.

Marriage licenses were issued this week to W. E. Sullivan and Miss Ada Edwards, Jacob A. Thomason and Miss Anna Bell Swansey.

The State Board of Equalization has raised the tax rate for Crittenden county as follows: 27 per cent on farm lands and personal property, and 6 per cent on town lots.

Every store sells dry goods, and they all sell the best. Compare with ours. We always lead

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Mr. Oppenheimer will be in Town Monday and Tuesday with a pretty line of millinery goods. The ladies of that community should not fail to see him.

Pure whiskey, brandies and wines for medicinal purposes at Haynes' drug store.

On Wednesday and Thursday of next week Mr. Oppenheimer will be in Salem with an assortment of millinery, ready-made skirts and waists.

A lecture on Health and Hygiene will be delivered by Mrs. Mollie A. Holtzclaw, at her home Friday, April 11, at 3 p. m. Mothers and daughters only are invited

Mrs. Ingram's entertainment at the opera house Wednesday evening, April 16th should be witnessed by a large audience. Seats will be placed on sale Monday.

A No. 1 Davis county whiskey for \$2 per gallon at Haynes' drug store.

Dr. J. E. Hadley, the veterinary surgeon, occupies the residence on Bellville street, just opposite Wallingford's livery stable, formerly occupied by Dr. Daugherty.

Salem and Livingston county people desiring dental work will find Dr. R. J. Morris of this city, at the hotel in Salem, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

A lecture on Health and Hygiene will be delivered by Mrs. Mollie A. Holtzclaw, at her home Friday, April 11, at 3 p. m. Mothers and daughters only are invited

Mrs. Ingram's entertainment at the opera house Wednesday evening, April 16th should be witnessed by a large audience. Seats will be placed on sale Monday.

A No. 1 Davis county whiskey for \$2 per gallon at Haynes' drug store.

Dr. J. E. Hadley, the veterinary surgeon, occupies the residence on Bellville street, just opposite Wallingford's livery stable, formerly occupied by Dr. Daugherty.

Salem and Livingston county people desiring dental work will find Dr. R. J. Morris of this city, at the hotel in Salem, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

A lecture on Health and Hygiene will be delivered by Mrs. Mollie A. Holtzclaw, at her home Friday, April 11, at 3 p. m. Mothers and daughters only are invited

In the Methodist minister's meeting Rev. Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist, in illustrating a point he desired to impress upon his brother preachers, told a good story. He said there was a fellow down in Georgia who claimed to possess the power of telling to what political party a man belonged by looking at his face and general appearance.

One day he was in a crowd and was making his boast, and he was invited to try it on those present.

Looking at one prosperous looking individual he said, "You are a goldbug."

"That's true," said the man.

To the next he said, "You are for silver."

"That's right," said the apostle of William Jennings Bryan, "and I ain't ashamed of it, either."

"You are Prohibitionist," he said to a third.

"Yes I have voted that ticket for nigh on to eighteen years."

"And you," addressing a fourth man, a pale, cadaverous looking citizen, "are a Populist," said the wise man.

"You are a liar. I've just been sick," was the prompt reply.

It has been stated that on the evening of the old fiddlers contest the popular minister and Presiding Elder of this district, Rev. J. W. Bigham was met some miles in the country by parties coming to town; he was riding at full gallop and when accosted paused for a moment to say:

"I must get away from the sound of those fiddles, sure, or I will be on that stage and the strains of that old music might get me into trouble. I am fleeing temptation." This story is denied by some of his friends, who declare that he was at the contest, anchored to a chair with a cable and the chair nailed to the floor. We do not know which, if either, of the stories to vouch for, but we do know that in the days of Auld Aux Syne the violin became a thing of life under the mystic touch of the now eloquent and devout minister.

One of our dry goods merchants, T. Petronius Clifton, made the speech of his life over at Benton the other day. On being asked whether he was a Democrat or a Republican he promptly replied, "Seven cents a yard and all other stores ask ten for the same goods."

Dear Press: What brand of ham did your poet use in his poem of last week when he says: Far better than all is the old country ham,

With its rich, red gravy, fried eggs, brown biscuit and jam.

We want to buy a ham carrying this combination.

Did I understand you to say, asked the clerical looking passenger across the aisle, "that you were a drummer?" They looked at him but for a moment, when he mysteriously vanished, leaving them perfectly bewildered at his strange appearance, which they declare must surely belong to the supernatural. The description of the "man" fits the original owner of the land, who died a number of years ago in financial disappointment. Mr. Wallace has a good reputation for veracity, and the fact that he had never heard of the man whose ghost he has so vividly described, as having been seen in the daytime, adds greatly to the interest of this strange and mysterious appearance.

Down near Lola there is a sign nailed on a tree in the front yard reading,

"THIS FARM FOR SAIL." A man from Chicago driving by stopped and asked the old lady about what date the farm would sail and she promptly replied, "Just as soon as some one comes along who can raise the wind."

In the society news of the Evansville Courier appears the following: Miss —, of Henderson, Ky., gave a "swell german" Friday night. Who got the German and what swelled him? The only really swelled German we ever struck was in a beer saloon, and the swelling was caused by beer and pretzels.

There has been a rumor afloat for several weeks about a gentle man's (only) supper to be served at a residence on Depot street in the near future; anyhow some time before Madame and the children return from their winter's outing. We do not wish to mention the gentleman's name, but it does seem as though John Blue was just a trifling dilatory

The Girl Who Romped

By PAUL P. HARRIS.

CASTING for bass, hungry, great-mouthed fellows who lay in cool waters down by the lily-pads, would have answered very well as a pastime. The fishing at Sister lakes was particularly good, and many years had intervened between Spencer's boyhood and the "hurry away" vacation of the present; they had been, for the most part, spent in a city law office, not particularly airy nor thronged with affluent clients bent on separating themselves from musty bills and ancient eagles; but there was just one thing that Spencer enjoyed even more than he enjoyed fishing, and that was lying in the cool shade, gazing through the dense foliage skyward, thinking of Bob and Bill, who used in the old autumn days when the leaves were near, to climb out on those very boughs and shower the beach nuts down.

Then, of course, the thoughts would gradually revert, in spite of all that he could do, to the girl with the changeable hazel eyes that promised only to retreat; to the venturesome romp who laughed, not to hear herself, not to be heard, but because there was something within that just wouldn't stand suppressing; to the girl whose glance wrought the mischief of making of a prepossessing lad a stammering lout and there left him to marvel as to the whys and to resolve that as soon as the melons in the valley patch had ripened they should be gathered and sold, and that a snug sum should be appropriated for "fixins" designed purposely to spellbind hazel eyes and give her of the irrepressible mirth to understand well that a man need not necessarily be a fool just because he sometimes couldn't think of his own name—that indeed he might be quite a fellow.

Spencer rolled slowly over and dashing the locks from his forehead, looked far across the water where Bob, he who in a recent year had courted death on San Juan hill, who had knelt in a storm of shot and shell and drawn the lids over the lusterless eyes of Bill, who used to sit astride the limbs above and shower the bursting beechnuts down—Bill was brother of the girl who romped—sat in the rays of the hot September sun casting lazily for bass. It was at his instance that Spencer had torn himself from the haunts of the restless and sought quiet near his old home in a cottage all Bob's own. Bob had a fashion of divining the desires of his friends even before they themselves had sensed them.

Three years ago, just after the historic battle of the hill, he had written a long letter of condolence something else, but somehow, had stopped to recall the time he had been subject to spells of quaking, the bone never maled. When Bob, and worn, returned from the was hastily rewritten unfor dating and entrusted to there came no answer.

Evening, early in his stay at lakes, Spencer strolled away from the cottage, and though it was on in the night when he returned, Bob asked no questions nor Spence vouchsafe explanation. He might have told how he had gone on past the old mill and tumbledown schoolhouse and passed and re-passed the little white cottage with the green blinds and broad veranda that nestled in the glen. He might have told how he had crept along the path beside the gravel path to the shadow of the lilac bush that grew beside the kitchen window. He might have told how he stood there trembling as might some very guilty fellow about to perpetrate the most dastardly crime of his life; how he felt weak-kneed and over the perspiration gathered on his brow and formed little rivulets which dredged down his face and neck; but all these sensations were better kept to himself. They reminded him of a day when unexpectedly confronted by the eyes of irrepressible mirth, he had been rendered speechless, and so entirely bereft of his faculties that it would have been quite impossible for him to have said whether he was afoot or horseback.

Ashamed of eavesdropping, Spencer groped his way back through the dark of the quiet September night. The moon had sunk behind the copse that fringed the hill that ran along the old turnpike, and Spencer felt a corresponding sinking within.

Another evening Bob and Spencer on the little rear veranda which overlooked the starlit lakes. The night chorus had just begun. Katydids ashore were sounding their shrillest tones to outvoice the lusty basso of the bullfrog in the spatter docks. A very much respected frog, this fellow, and his brave voice easily won him the leadership of the umptuous contingent of the night horn. The mourning dove, from its nest point in the tree top, soon out its mournful minor. It was a rare contest between denizens the wood and of the water, but heans on the veranda contributed one sound in aid of land them. They were wrapt in thought, it was the last night for the members of the veranda and the cool evening. They silently reviewed the memories on the lakes of the shadows and every incident of two weeks' sojourn.

The Man on Top. A man on top of the wheel doesn't care for a turn.—Chicago Daily News.

the ashes from his pipe, barked in that queer little way which he called coughing, and began: "Ted, do you mind that mackerel sky? It reminds me of a night in '98. Bill and I were lying in the trenches. He was about the fourth man from me, I reckon. We had been 24 hours constantly expecting the order to move forward. The sky was just like that over yonder and the moon shone through the Honey Mesquites much as it does through those cedars. Ed Cutler, our second Lieutenant, the same who was so desperately in love with Bess, started the word 'along the line to make ready. Bill changed places with long geared Harry Marsh, the cigarette fiend, whose position was next to mine, and as we lay hoping for and at the same time dreading the order, Bill unburred himself to me. He had a sort of presentiment that he was half ashamed of, yet inclined to heed. Said he: 'Bob, if it should happen that you go back alone, have an eye on Sis. As you know, Cutler's been very persistent, but I can't think that he quite suits. There's another. You know who I mean; but I'd rather a thousand times over that Ed be the man than that Sis take up with some fellow who cares one whit less. Bess and I came up together and understand each other to a T. You see, we used to talk these things over. It's my opinion, and it was her's for that matter, that a man should be put to the test. A woman has so much at stake, and true love'll stand a jilt or two. She wouldn't tolerate a lukewarm lover; her nature's too ardent for that."

"Just then an orderly crept along the line and a moment later, we heard the word 'Forward!' As he stumbled over a palmetto root, I heard Bill say: 'We always looked out for her, but it's up to you now, Bob, it's up to you!'"

The speaker paused and was about to continue when a rap at the cottage door aroused them both. Two gypsy women appeared; the one tall and gaunt and sharp of feature, carried beneath the coat of tan the mark of years, and Spencer thought that he had seen her somewhere before. The other, not poorly formed, was of youthful step, but of thoughtful mien and her head was bowed down.

"Tell our fortunes? Well, you might tell that gentleman's. I don't care to review the past, and as for the future, less said the better," answered Bob. He resumed his seat and Spencer concluded by the tense expression of his mouth and the fixed eyes that he had taken himself again to San Juan and the final charge.

The younger of the two women presented herself, and Spence mechanically reached forth his hand, but he, too, was thinking of San Juan and that last injunction and hoped that Bob would continue. The gypsy drew her palm with silver as he whispered: "Now, little one, go ahead, and softly, for that great-hearted fellow over there is thinking of a past experience quite as weird as any you can see in the future for me, be you ever so imaginative." "But I am not imaginative," she answered as she scanned the lines of his hand, "nor do I see anything weird in past nor in time to come. I see only a good, long life, uneventful, unromantic; spent for the most part in a great city, perhaps. There's only a trace of sorrow—I doubt if your nature could experience an all-absorbing grief—and that's made up for in the tranquility that follows. You have lost a friend, a dear friend, perhaps?"

Spence answered: "Very." "And there seems to be something more, rather indistinct; possibly a love affair in the city. There's nothing to indicate a grand love, more likely a childlike fancy inspired by a doll face or less important matter and—"

"Stop there," said Spence. "Let's start right." He glanced at Bob and thought of the expression: "She wouldn't tolerate a luke-warm lover," then continued: "If a man, who for ten long years had eyes for no face but one; if a man who knows no love save that which he has carried with him through hardship and grief from childhood days, may be said to possess a childlike love only, then you have made no mistake; but I thank God for this child love. It is purer, sweeter than any other."

Spence did not look up, but he was conscious of an uneasy shifting about in Bob's corner and a pair of honest eyes fixed on him. He looked down upon the little fortune teller, but she said not word. Something like a sob shook her frame and she clasped his hand unnecessarily tight. He noticed that hers was firm and white and smooth, and he wished, for the moment, that he also was a fortune teller. He stooped to raise her to her feet, murmuring to himself: "A soft spot in a gypsy heart? Well, who'd have thought it?" She raised her flushed, tear-wet face to his and he staggered back, for he looked into the wistful eyes of Bess, into the eyes of the girl who romped.—Radford Review.

A Spendthrift's Wise Course. Lord Francis Hope, who has managed to spend \$3,000,000 since coming of age, has just assured himself of a certain income for the rest of his life, says the London correspondent of the New York Herald, by turning over all his property and expectations to a life insurance company, which guarantees him an income of \$10,000 a year for life. Lord Francis is now at Brighton, where he is recovering from the amputation of his foot, performed some time ago. He is to be fitted with an artificial foot next month.

Defect That Is a Blessing. A magazine writer complains that the human senses are grossly inadequate, and illustrates the case with the remark that "the ear hears little of what is going on around us. By means of a microphone the tread of a fly sounds like the tramp of cavalry." It would not enhance the enjoyment of a summer morning nap to add a microphone ear to a fly's present numerous advantages.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

It is said that M. Blouet ("Max O'Leary") writes his books in French and that his wife, who is an Englishwoman, translates them.

Does anybody recall a book entitled "David Harum"? It has just gone to press for the eighty-eighth time, making the total number of copies printed 527,000.

Dr. V. G. Simovitch, who has charge of the literary treasures of Columbia university, has purchased for the library during the past week an early Italian manuscript of great value, containing the epistles of St. Jerome, believed to have been made during the ninth century.

Sully Prudhomme, the laureate of the Nobel prize, has decided to found an annual prize of 1,500 francs, to be awarded to some young French poet using the traditional classical verse of France. The prize is to be given under the direction of the Societe des Gens de Lettres and the first award will probably be made next June.

Many readers are acquainted with the humorous poems of "Ironquill," who know little or nothing of their author, Eugene F. Ware. Mr. Ware is a lawyer whose home is in Topeka, Kan. He is loyal to his home city; his poems, which have gone into the tenth edition, are printed and distributed from Topeka. Mr. Ware is a veteran of the civil war, and has served five years in the state senate of Kansas.

Senator Pettus was quoting scripture to some of his colleagues in the cloak-room the other day. "How in the world do you happen to be so familiar with the Bible?" asked one of the audience. "I went to California in 1849," replied the senator, smiling. "And I took a complete library in my kit. It comprised the Bible, Shakespeare and Bobbie Burns. You'll find I am pretty familiar with all three."—N. Y. Tribune.

The unfortunate Maj. Andre, who fascinated so many Philadelphia girls during the revolution, was something of a poet and something of an artist, as witness the little exhibition of his work in the Philadelphia library. An autograph poem, rather graceful in its form and rather fresh in its sentiment, is there, and beside it are a number of silhouettes that the young man cut. The poem is dedicated to a young woman. The silhouettes are of British army officers, and seem to be as vigorous and full of character as that slight form of art admits of.—Philadelphia Record.

THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT.

French Women Who Are Endeavoring to Retain Their Names After Marriage.

The champions of woman's rights have in recent years gained very appreciable advantages for their sex. Women not only attend the lectures at the various faculties at the university, but many of them have taken the degree of doctor of medicine, and more than one has been admitted to practice at the bar. They also, in sufficiently large numbers, study at the Academy of Fine Arts, and, as was stated in the Standard of a few days ago, the question is debated as to whether they should not be placed on an equal footing with men in the competition for the Prix de Rome. Though it is quite possible to approve all these measures, it is difficult not to pronounce against the demand formulated the other day in a resolution adopted at one of the sittings of the Women's Suffrage society, held at the town hall of the Eleventh district of Paris. It is to the effect that it is prejudicial to a woman's interest to lose her name by marriage and to be obliged to adopt that of her husband.

The moving spirit of this society is Mme. Hubertine Auclert, says a Paris correspondent of the London Standard. In conversation with a journalist, who did not quite share her opinion on the subject, she declared it was deeply humiliating for a woman to have, on her wedding day, to become so completely the property of her husband as to forget her own origin. By the present order of things a wife was constrained to forget her ancestors, though to honor them was admittedly a virtue and a duty. Though the meeting was nearly unanimous in favor of a married woman continuing to bear her own family name after marriage, even the supporters of this "reform" could not agree as to the name to be borne by the children. Some supported the idea of giving the name of both the father and mother to the offspring. That would do for the first generation, but it might be embarrassing later on, as at the second generation a person would have four names, and at the fifth generation a child would inherit no fewer than 32 surnames, not to speak of the Christian names the parents might think fit to confer upon it. That solution being regarded as too embarrassing, the choice seemed to be limited to the name of either the father or mother. Without pronouncing definitely on that matter, it is, perhaps, only natural that the members of this Woman's Suffrage Society should have shown marked preference for that of the mother. They argued that it was impossible to deny that a child was more a part of a wife than of a husband.

Spence did not look up, but he was conscious of an uneasy shifting about in Bob's corner and a pair of honest eyes fixed on him. He looked down upon the little fortune teller, but she said not word. Something like a sob shook her frame and she clasped his hand unnecessarily tight. He noticed that hers was firm and white and smooth, and he wished, for the moment, that he also was a fortune teller. He stooped to raise her to her feet, murmuring to himself: "A soft spot in a gypsy heart? Well, who'd have thought it?" She raised her flushed, tear-wet face to his and he staggered back, for he looked into the wistful eyes of Bess, into the eyes of the girl who romped.—Radford Review.

A Spendthrift's Wise Course. Lord Francis Hope, who has managed to spend \$3,000,000 since coming of age, has just assured himself of a certain income for the rest of his life, says the London correspondent of the New York Herald, by turning over all his property and expectations to a life insurance company, which guarantees him an income of \$10,000 a year for life. Lord Francis is now at Brighton, where he is recovering from the amputation of his foot, performed some time ago. He is to be fitted with an artificial foot next month.

Defect That Is a Blessing. A magazine writer complains that the human senses are grossly inadequate, and illustrates the case with the remark that "the ear hears little of what is going on around us. By means of a microphone the tread of a fly sounds like the tramp of cavalry." It would not enhance the enjoyment of a summer morning nap to add a microphone ear to a fly's present numerous advantages.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

TO BRING BACK OLDEN DAYS.

Martha Took a Swing in the Alley But There Were Strenuous Objections.

"Martha Gibbons is coming with a swinging gait," remarked the recorder at the police matinee the other day, when a Darktown devotee of beer and chitlings came from the waiting room.

"Martha," continued the recorder addressing the prisoner, "the officer tells me you were blocking Crooked alley last night with a swing, and you wouldn't allow anybody to pass. People had to climb the fence to get by you. Don't you know it is against the law to block a public alley?"

"Dodge Briles," stated the prisoner "us ha'nt got no backyard er tall to hab fun in. Ise been lowin' ter hab a good ole swing jest to bring back de mem'rance of mer chillun' time Dere hain't no trees in de alley, and de mos' ob de fences done be torn down fer kindlin' wood. So I jest tied de well rope across de alley fer er little while. I'rapz I mouther keepon some ob dem niggers from gallivantin' up an' down de alley, but dey will all tell yer dat I was willin' ter let 'em swing some. Naw, sah, dey ain't got no 'commerdashun' erbout 'em Dey jest got jellified because dey neber had no swing, an' dey runned off arter de perlice. Jedge Briles, jest let er nigger in dat alley git er little highgerluthin' an' deudder niggers get angrierd an' calls for de perlice. Dat's all dey knows in dat alley, nuttin' 'cept de perlice an' de stockade."

"Maybe you ought to have given a swinging bee," suggested the recorder. "However, you have violated the law by blocking up the alley and we can't have any swinging in the grapevine swing or any other swing in our alleys. I'll fine you \$3.75."

"Dat's mounty high for one little swing, Jedge Briles," exclaimed Martha.

"Yes," the recorder replied, according to the Atlanta Constitution, "it may be best to swing low in a sweet chariot. The cheapest thing to do is to go to the park and rent a swing for ten cents an hour. You can now swing corners for the stockade."

Lobster Balls.

Take the meat from a fine hen lobster and mince very fine with the coral. Mix with it not quite the quantity of bread crumbs, season with salt, pepper and a little cayenne and bind together with two ounces of softened butter. Roll the mixture into balls the size of hen's eggs; brush over with beaten egg and cover with crumbs and fry a light brown; serve hot with sauce tartar.—Washington Star.

Scrambled Eggs with Tomato Sauce.

Put one and a half cupfuls of tomatoes over the fire, add two teaspoons of sugar, cook for five minutes, put four level tablespoonsfuls of butter in a pan; when hot, add one slice of onion and a little salt, remove the onion, add the tomatoes strained and four eggs slightly beaten; cook as for scrambled eggs, add a little pepper and serve hot with sauce tartar.—People's Home Journal.

Oysters Picante.

Trim the beards from one and one-half dozen oysters; scald them in their own liquor just long enough to plump them; then drain them on a cloth. Fry them a nice brown in a little butter; a seasoning of mushroom catsup, the rind of half a lemon and a small sprig of parsley minced fine. Serve them up with sauted potatoes and parsley.—Washington Star.

Obeying Orders.

Mrs. Naggs (at telephone)—Is my husband in the office?

Officer Boy—No, ma'am.

Mrs. Naggs—When will he be in?

Officer Boy—I can't say.

Mrs. Naggs—Why can't you say?

Officer Boy—Because he told me not to.—Tit-Bits.

Acquired Skill.

Mechanically the angry wife hurled the cup and saucer at her husband. Seizing the pestle, she batteled the salt cellar and pepper holder at him, and followed with a series of strokes on the dishes, cream mug, and knives and forks.

Seeking safety in the hall, the bruised husband mused to himself:

"I knew that woman harbored ulterior motives when she devoted so much time to the study of ping-pong." —Baltimore American.

Merely a Phrase.

"Of course you were given the freedom of the city."

"Yes," answered the distinguished visitor. "But I had to keep so close to a regular schedule under the strict surveillance of so many committees that it was hard to realize how free I was." —Summerville Journal.

What is the use in employing some one to do your dyeing for you? If you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES you can do it just as well as a professional.

Logical.

Lady (to woman whose husband has just been sent to jail for wife-beating)—Why do you think your husband will miss you?

Woman—He'll miss me because he can't hit me.—Judge.

Fits Permanently Cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2.00 trial bottle. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Lecturer—"Boys, never leave the farm." Uncle Si (sarcastically). "Well, what's advice, ain't it? My boy's got all the bosses and a mortgage on the farm, and now you want him to take that." —Indianapolis News.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The sooner a man shuffles off this mortal coil the sooner his good qualities will be recognized.—Chicago Daily News.

Ask To-Day for Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures swollen, aching tired feet. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25c Sample sent FREE. Ad's Allen S. Olmsted, La Roy, N. Y.

It is well to know when not to say the proper thing.—Indianapolis News.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears
The
Signature
Of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

WHERE DOCTORS FAIL

To Cure Woman's Ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds. Mrs. Pauline Judson Writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Soon after my marriage two years ago I found myself in constant pain. The doctor said my womb was turned, and this caused the pain with considerable inflammation. He prescribed for me for



MRS. PAULINE JUDSON,
Secretary of Schermerhorn Golf Club,
Brooklyn, New York.

four months, when my husband became impatient because I grew worse instead of better, and in speaking to the druggist he advised him to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. How I wish I had taken that at first; it would have saved me weeks of suffering. It took three long months to restore me, but it is a happy relief, and we are both most grateful to you. Your Compound has brought joy to our home and health to me."—Mrs. PAULINE JUDSON, 47 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps.



PURIFY THE BLOOD

If you would have health and energy in hot weather you should see it in the early Spring that your blood is pure and vital organs strong and active.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IS THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER ON EARTH.

The efficacy of this remedy in purifying the blood and putting the system in order is without a parallel in the medical world. So thorough and far-reaching is it that it carries its great cleansing and regulating influence to every part of the body, casting out impurities that have resulted from Winter diet, purifying the bowels, strengthening the kidneys, liver and stomach, and preparing the entire body to resist the disease germs which come with warm weather. Those who use this great purifier during the Spring months will stand the heat better and be free from the debilitating ailments which invariably attack the body that is clogged up with impurities.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE, \$1.00.



"One reason why boys bring home a rifle or gun is to shoot birds or game. Try HAZARD BLACK OR HAZARD SMOKELESS, properly loaded, and you will do better shooting than ever before."

CUN POWDER

SALZER'S LIGHTNING CABBAGE.
This is the earliest cabbage in the world and a regular gold mine to the market gardener and farmer.

By the way, there is lots of money to be made on earliest cabbage, beets, peas, radishes, cucumbers and the like.

For 16c. and this Notice the John A. Salzer Seed Co., Lorain, Ohio, will send you their new catalog and 150 kinds of flower and vegetable seeds Market gardeners' catalog, 25c postage.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

WATER ON THE FARM.

Importance of a Good Supply of Water On the Farm Not to Be Lost Sight Of.

This can hardly be said to be second in importance to feed, as both are indispensable and dependent upon each other.

A farm well supplied with good water for both winter and summer may be said to possess one of the first and best advantages, and he who does not pay attention to this matter in selecting a farm is making a serious mistake.

There is nothing better for this purpose than good spring water, and fortunate are those so located that the water can be carried to house and barn and especially if this can be done by gravity. It will pay to conduct water a good distance to the farm building where this can be done. In some cases there are good springs, but so located that the water will not run by gravity to the buildings. In such cases, if the springs are large and there is a fall directly from them of a few feet, the water may be brought where wanted by hydraulic force. This is the case on the farm of the writer and the system has been in successful operation now for a number of years. But it is necessary with this system to have a large spring, as only one-seventh of the water passing through the ram will be forced to the buildings, the larger part being required for operating the machine.

If any intend to use a ram they should first study well the conditions necessary for its successful operation. If there is no fall by which power can be afforded to operate the machine, then a windmill might be employed to force the water to its destination. Windmills are largely employed for raising water from reservoirs, streams or wells, for farm or other purposes in many places, and so must be practically good for the purpose.

This system works well in pastures, where it is much used for pumping water for the stock, and can also be just as well employed at the barn at all times of the year.

A farmer once living not far from the writer, not having springs near his buildings, sunk a large well outside of the stock barn, built a large cistern in the loft where it could be protected from the frost, placed a windmill on the top of the barn, which pumped the water from the well to the cistern, from which it was conducted to the stables below, to the yard outside, and across the road to the house, where it was used for a variety of purposes. This was a very convenient arrangement and must have answered the purpose well.

Another intelligent and well-to-do farmer in the central part of the state obtained a plentiful supply of water by boring an artesian well in a ledge hill, to the back of his buildings, erecting a windmill and putting in a pump. Near the well he constructed a large reservoir capable of holding enough for a week's supply. After this was filled the windmill would be thrown out of gear until again wanted.

So it will be seen water may be furnished for the use of the farm in quite a variety of ways, more or less expensive according to location or attendant circumstances, but it will be better for a farmer to invest quite a sum in obtaining a supply of water that may be relied upon, rather than undertake to get along in such ways as are often resorted to.—E. R. Towle, in Farmers' Home Journal.

A MODERN FARM GARDEN.

It Should Contain Everything Likely to Be Needed in the Family Economy.

The essentials of a good garden are a rich soil and a sunny location. The land must be well fertilized, deeply plowed and thoroughly pulverized. Too much care can not be taken in getting the soil in the best possible condition. This work can be done with a horse and tools, and requires but a few hours. A small hotbed should be provided for starting early plants, such as tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, celery, peppers and the like. This is not difficult of construction or management, and the details have frequently been given in these columns. The cost is trifling, amounting to almost no expenditure of money, as old boards about the farm can be used for making the frame, and discarded window sashes for the glass.

Plant everything in the farm garden that your family is fond of. Plant everything that can be easily grown, for if it is not liked at first, it soon will be. Start tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, peppers and celery in a hotbed. As soon as the ground is in a good condition set out a few roots of asparagus. Then plant a few potatoes, carrots, peas, radishes, onion sets, and when danger of frost is past, two or three rows of beans. As soon as the ground becomes warmer and the season advanced, put in seed enough to furnish a full supply of peas and beans, and be sure to plant liberally of dwarf limas. Plant also carrots, parsnips, turnips and salsify. Set out your early cabbages from the hotbed and sow a few rows of late cabbage and cauliflower for fall and winter use. Plant a good supply of sweet corn, cucumbers, squashes, providing an abundant supply of winter squashes.

If your ground has been well pre-

pared, and you have a good garden drill, the seeding of the entire garden will not take more than a day. If your rows are long and straight, an hour or two at a time with a horse and cultivator will do most of the work of cultivating, and but little hand hoeing or weeding will be necessary.—Farmers' Tribune.

STOCK RAISING IN THE SOUTH.

The Possibilities are Great For the Successful Raising of Live Stock.

During the recent international stock show one of its visitors from Trousdale county, Tenn., left at this fair a sample of winter oats ten inches in height, which he declares was the third crop from one seeding. The cotton plant must be reckoned with in a large way in considering what the south may become as a live-stock producer. For every pound of lint there are two pounds of cotton seed. As the average production of the south is about 10,000,000 bales of cotton of 500 pounds each, the enormous output of seed can easily be calculated. In an address delivered not long since before southern farmers, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson told his audience that one pound of cotton seed is equal to 1.13 pounds of cornmeal.

In addition to this enormous output of concentrated feed there must be added the corn possibilities of the south, which are fair in every district, and enormous in many places. Then to all of this must be added the possibilities of grain production by the cowpea and the soy bean. The cotton plant, the soy bean and the cowpea vine are all producers of highest-priced constituent of feeding stuffs rich in protein—the highest-priced constituent of feeding stuffs. Numerous other legumes thrive in the south. Red and white clovers grow in limited areas, while Japan clover flourishes almost everywhere and vetches are at home over large areas. The velvet bean flourishes in Florida, and will probably grow elsewhere in the south, its central limits not yet being defined. Of the carbohydrate forage plants, sorghum grows everywhere and yields enormous crops of excellent coarse hay suitable for all kinds of farm stock. Indian corn may yield two crops in a season for forage purposes. Common and winter oats flourish and yield abundance of coarse hay. Bermuda grass carpets many of the fields and is working marvels in helping to obliterate the great gullies in the gashed fields well-nigh ruined by continuous cotton-growing.—Breeders' Gazette.

The Cattle Problem.

The conditions that have characterized the cattle trade during the last twelve months can not exist always. There is bound to be a turning point. The fat cattle supply, notwithstanding the immense receipts, has been short for several months. Notwithstanding the enormous receipts in Chicago, it has been no easy task for shippers and exporters to get enough matured cattle to fill their orders. The consumption of good beef is ever on the increase, while the supply of mautured beevves in the country is continually growing smaller. The natural question is where will it all end? It takes only a few months to produce a crop of hogs, but it takes years to replenish the supply of cattle.—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE

The secretary of war gets at a "well-root-ed" fact when he states that an educated soldier makes a better fighter than an uneducated one. The same rule applies with equal force to the farmer.

The food value of the rish potato has been shown by the California experiment station to be about two thirds that of the sweet-potato.

Why continue to import what we ought to produce? On January 14 a cargo of twenty-six thousand five hundred and eighty-seven sacks of Scotch potatoes grown in Scotland arrived at New York.

The ideal system of agriculture is that where the fertility of the soil is annually increased, and where fair average crops can be grown without the purchase of commercial fertilizers.

It is impossible for farmers to secure the best obtainable prices without acting together? Unselfish cooperation would enable them to ascertain the true value of their products in the different markets of the world.

It is reported that in the soil found clinging to the hoof of a Texas steer experts found three kinds of noxious weed and grass seeds controllable weeds seeds are often disturbed.

There are now 54 agricultural experiment stations in the United States, exclusive of those now being established in our insular possessions. Connected with these are about seven hundred skilled employees.

Considering the very flattering accounts of the profitability of nut culture, especially of the chestnut, it is a little strange that so many neglect the planting of young chestnut and other nut-bearing trees wherever the land is too rocky and rough to admit of cultivation.

No better means as yet seem to have been provided for the diffusion of expert and accurate knowledge among har' working farmers than that derived from attending "farmers' institutes," where plain talk from plain men, who, relating their own experiences, show how excellent financial results were accomplished

LUNGS THAT ARE LAZY.

The Injurious Habit of Improper Breathing and How It May Be Broken.

So much stress is laid in these days upon the value of fresh air that it is impossible for anyone to miss the lesson. Good ventilation is taught in all our schools, if it is not always practiced; and treatment by the open-air method is becoming more and more advocated for certain diseases, especially tuberculosis, says Youth's Companion.

In all this spread of knowledge and good sense it is unfortunately very possible to lose sight of the real issue. It is no exaggeration to say that many a one who can glibly patter off the number of cubic feet of air necessary for each one to breathe rarely draws full breath. Fresh air is a gift, but it is like most of the gifts of Heaven, in that we must do our share of work to benefit by it. No one would expect to have a good fire just because a pair of bellows hung on a nail by the chimney, but this is exactly what many people expect of their lungs, which are really only the bellows given us by which to keep the fire of life burning bright and clear within us.

It is not too much to assert that lungs properly used in a comparatively close room will do more good than lazy lungs in an open field. This trick of lazy lung is a habit, like any other, and may be overcome by persistent effort. Many persons, for example, are afflicted with a nervous habit of holding the breath unconsciously. These are the people who, in spite of plenty of time spent out of doors, yet catch cold easily, digest poorly, and are always more or less "under the weather" physically. They are often much benefited by a course of active exercise because it is impossible to exercise vigorously without drawing some good deep breaths.

Many other persons—and they constitute the great majority of mankind—breathe only with the upper part of the lungs, and although they may breathe regularly, do not draw in sufficient air at a breath to fill all the lung cells.

When once the pernicious habit of poor, shallow breathing has been broken up, the health undergoes such marked improvement, there is such brightening of the spirits and improvement of the looks, that the luxury of deep breathing is not likely to be readily foregone.

A good way to start the new habit is to take deliberately a few minutes at stated intervals and devote them to proper breathing. If this is done systematically the reformer will find himself unconsciously breathing more and more, until very soon he is obeying nature and really breathing to live. In this way we must all work for a living if we want a good one.

Besides the gain to the general health which comes from the habit of deep breathing there is created a reserve strength and preparedness which is often of great service in warding off acute pulmonary diseases.

TO BRING BACK OLDEN DAYS.

Martha Took a Swing in the Alley, But There Were Strenuous Objections.

"Martha Gibbons is coming with a swinging gait," remarked the recorder at the police matinee the other day, when a Darktown devotee of beer and chitlings came from the waiting room.

"Martha," continued the recorder, addressing the prisoner, "the officer tells me you were blocking Crooked alley last night with a swing, and you wouldn't allow anybody to pass. People had to climb the fence to get by you. Don't you know it is against the law to block a public alley?"

"Judge Briles," stated the prisoner, "us hain't got no backyard er tall to hab fun in. Ise been lowin' ter hab a good ole swing jest to bring back de membrance of mer chillun time. Dere hain't no trees in de alley, and de mos' ob de fences done been tore down fer kindin' wood. So I jest tied de well rope ercross de alley fer er little while. P'aps I mouter kepted some ob dem niggers from gallivantin' up an' down de alley, but dey will all tell yer dat I was willin' ter let 'em swing some. Naw, sab, dey ain't got no 'commerdashun' erboot 'em. Dey jest got jellified bekaase dey neber had no swing, an' dey runned off after de perlice. Judge Briles, jest let er nigger in dat alley git er leetle highflierin' an' de udde niggers get angerfud an' calls for de perlice. Dat's all dey knows in dat alley, nuttin' 'cept de perlice an' de stockade."

"Maybe you ought to have given a swinging bee," suggested the recorder. "However, you have violated the law by blocking up the alley and we can't have any swinging in the grapevine swing or any other swing in our alleys. I'll fine you \$3.75."

"Dat's mounty high for one leetle swing, Judge Briles," exclaimed Martha.

"Yes," the recorder replied, according to the Atlanta Constitution, "it may be best to swing low in a sweet chariot. The cheapest thing to do is to go to the park and rent a swing for ten cents an hour. You can now swing corners for the stockade."

Lobster Balls.

Take the meat from a fine hen lobster and mince very fine with the coral. Mix with it not quite the quantity of bread crumbs, season with salt, pepper and a little cayenne and bind together with two ounces of softened butter. Roll the mixture into balls the size of hen's eggs; brush over with beaten egg and cover with crumbs and fry a light brown; serve hot with sauce tartar.—Washington Star.

DAN GROSVENOR SAYS:

"Pe-ru-na is an Excellent Spring Catarrh Remedy—I am as Well as Ever."



HON. DAN. A. GROSVENOR, OF THE FAMOUS OHIO FAMILY.

Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, Deputy Auditor for the War Department, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., says:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from one bottle of Peruna. One week has brought wonderful changes and I am now as well as ever. Besides being one of the very best spring tonics it is an excellent catarrh remedy."

DAN. A. GROSVENOR.

In a recent letter he says:

"I consider Peruna really more meritorious than I did when I wrote you last. I receive numerous letters from acquaintances all over the country asking me if my certificate is genuine. I invariably answer, yes."—Dan. A. Grosvenor.

A Congressman's Letter.

Hon. H. W. Ogden, Congressman from Louisiana, in a letter written at Washington, D. C., says the following of Pe-ru-na, the national catarrh remedy:

"I can conscientiously recommend your Peruna as a fine tonic and all around good medicine to those who are in need of a catarrh remedy. It has been commanded to me by people who have used it, as a remedy particularly effective in the cure of catarrh. For those who need a good catarrh medicine I know of nothing better."—H. W. Ogden.

Treat Catarrh in Spring.

Thespring is the time to treat catarrh. Cold, wet winter weather often retards a cure of catarrh. If a course of Peruna

is taken during the early spring months the cure will be prompt and permanent. There can be no failures if Peruna is taken intelligently during the favorable weather of spring.

As a systemic catarrh remedy Peruna wherever it may be located. It cures catarrh of the stomach or bowels with the same certainty as catarrh of the head.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

WINCHESTER
"LEADER" and "REPEATER"
SMOKELESS POWDER SHOTGUN SHELLS
are used by the best shots in the country because they are so accurate, uniform and reliable. All the world's championships and records have been won and made by Winchester shells. Shoot them and you'll shoot better.
USED BY THE BEST SHOTS, SOLD EVERYWHERE

ALABASTINE

The Only Durable Wall Coating

Kalsomines are temporary, rot, rub off and scale

Write us and see how helpful we can be, at

LOCAL NEWS.

The Continued Story
of Current Events.

REPTON.

* Manuel Stephens received a car load of stock here Saturday.

George Perryman, of Marion, visited his father at this place Friday and Saturday.

Miss Berta Bruce, of Sullivan, is visiting her cousin, C. E. Perryman in our neighborhood.

Miss Ida Duvall, who has been going to school at Marion, came home Thursday sick.

John Quirey and wife, of Sullivan, visited R. I. Nunn and family Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Kitty Hill, of Webster spent Sunday with Mrs. McMurry.

John Reed of Marion was here Saturday afternoon.

Miss Annie Williams of Marion visited Will Wallace, of this neighborhood on Sunday.

Miss Bettie Schoolcraft, of this place spent a few days in Marion last week.

Charley Thurman, of Webster county was in our mids last week.

Alvis Carnahan, of Blackford, was here Friday and informed us that he was to start for Oklahoma Tuesday.

Miss Bessie Rowe, who has been visiting Mrs. T. K. Smith, left Thursday for her home in Ohio county.

Joe Samuel, who has been ill for several weeks is improving.

Miss Mary Lowrey, of Blackford, is visiting in this vicinity.

Marven Rushing, who has been visiting here several days, returned home Thursday.

Miss Ada Nation began her spring school at Oakland Monday.

Jack Crittenden received a car of staves here Friday.

Corley Conger of Going Springs was in our midst last week.

George Washington has been on the sick list.

Harvey Powell spent part of last week in Sullivan.

Carter Powell, who has been very ill for several weeks, is improving.

Dr. Paris, of Marion, was here Sunday.

Sunday school every Sunday evening at 2:30 o'clock.

JOB COULDN'T HAVE STOOD IT.

If he had had itching piles. They're terribly annoying, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For injuries, pains or bodily eruptions it is the best salve in the world. Price 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. At Woods.

MEXICO.

Miss Dottie Myers has been visiting at Sturgis for three weeks.

Wm. Davenport, of Dycusburg, was a guest of his brother at this place last week.

John Brasher, one of our best young men, left here last week to make his future home in Colorado.

W. M. Morgan of Blackford, moved to this place last week. Mr. Morgan will take charge of the section at this place.

Misses Etta and Della Brasher were visiting their kin at this place Monday.

Miss Edna Bucklew is a guest of her sister in Caldwell county this week.

Wm. Humphries and wife of Livingston county were visiting Rev Campbell last week.

Mrs W. K. Bibbs was the guest of friends in Frances Sunday.

HE KEPT HIS LEG.

Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan, Hartford, Conn., scratched his leg with a rusty wire. Inflammation and blood poisoning set in; for two years he suffered intensely; then the best doctors urged amputation; "but," he writes "I used one bottle of Electric Bitters and 1 1/2 boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my leg was sound and well as ever." For eruptions, eczema, tetter, salt rheum, sores and all blood disorders Electric Bitters has no rival on earth. Try them, Woods & Co. will guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Only 50c.

SHADY GROVE.

Some of the children had a nice time hunting the rabbit's nest at Mrs. J. H. Board's Sunday.

The stave mill at this place is doing a good business.

We had a good prayer meeting at the Methodist church Sunday.

Most of the people of our village are well at this time.

Fred Lemon has a new son at his house.

Miss Cannon has commenced spring school here.

WANTED—To trade, a good Mogul, 4 inch log wagon and buggy and harness (one or both) for good horse. J. P. Pierce.

CHAPEL HILL.

I see in the PRESS that while Ollie James was a boy he was making speeches for the Democrats. You will always find Ollie on guard for Democracy; and now my friends, all of you that believe in the Democratic party, now is your time to put the hero of the party in power. Mr. James is a man who has stood by his party and his friends ever since he was a boy, and the best part of it, Ollie is still urging his friends to stand by the old time Democracy. Now, my friends, as a good old Democrat dyed in the wool, I say let us send Ollie James to Congress. You bear in mind that Mr. James has never before offered for any office, but has always been at the wheel, to roll his party into power; and whenever we want a speech for the old Democratic cause Ollie is called upon, and he never goes back on his friends; he responds and comes right to the front And listen to Hon. W. J. Bryan, what he says about Mr. James. He says: "Please present my complements to Ollie James, for whom I have a very high regard."

Now to my good old Democrat friends I would say, let us put our shoulders to the wheel and roll Ollie M. James into Congress. I can say that we are all for Mr. James in this precinct. I believe that the Democrats of old Crittenden have faith in Mr. James, and will support him on May 24th for the nomination.

Now I want to hear from all of the precincts, and let us have a good turnout May 24th.

Yours in the cause and for James, A Democrat.

ROSEBUD.

Health is good in this section.

Plenty of mud and water.

Farmers are terribly behind with their work.

Wheat looks very well in this community.

H. S. Newcomb contemplates the erection of a residence in the near future. Look out, girls, Smith may want a housekeeper.

I see the fiscal court made appropriations for aid and support all over the county except Bells Mines precinct. It being the banner Democratic precinct it does not ask aid.

It's a girl at C. M. Mayes'; that is only 17 for Bud and yet he is able to get about without support.

Every one ought to be proud of our board of magistrates. No one asks aid without receiving it.

A RAGING, ROARING FLOOD

Washed down a telephone line which C. C. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia., had to repair. "Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes, "gave me a terrible cold and cough, which grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Toledo, Sioux City and Omaha said I had consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles." Positively guaranteed for coughs, colds and all throat and lung diseases. Price 50c and \$1 at Woods.

STARR.

Roads are getting dry. J. Frank Conger is running his sawmill full time.

Jas Conger is going to build a residence in a short time.

J. H. Thompson had a working last Tuesday.

E. H. Crayne, of Caldwell county, was here Monday.

Prince Pickens has the mineral. It is the real thing.

The sheriff has been making calls in this section.

Regular meeting day at Piney Creek last Sunday.

Wheat is putting on a coat of green and the prospects are that there will be an average crop.

Weak?

"I suffered terribly and was extremely weak for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again."

Mrs. J. W. Fiala, Hadlyme, Ct.

No matter how long you have been ill, nor how poorly you may be today, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take for purifying and enriching the blood.

Don't doubt it, put your whole trust in it, throw away everything else.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You will find that he and old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

WANTED—To trade, a good Mogul, 4 inch log wagon and buggy and harness (one or both) for good horse.

J. P. Pierce.

FREDONIA.

FOR SALE—Twenty head of fine Spanish jacks and jennets at low prices. For further information call on or write to J. B. Hill, Kelsey, Ky., or to Rev E. B. Blackburn, Marion, Ky.

Miss Marcella Neil has the largest and finest stock of millinery ever brought to Fredonia. The ladies of this and all the surrounding neighborhoods are cordially invited to call and see for themselves. She can please any lady both in style and price.

Rev. Halsell returned from Providence Saturday, where he has been conducting a meeting and reports 27 professions

W. P. Ray, who was partially paralyzed a few weeks past is not improving satisfactorily.

Rev Milton Cockrell, of Missouri, was visiting relatives her last week.

The Misses Shelby who have been in Sturgis for some time past, are visiting their aunt, Mrs. J. F. Wyatt.

Miss Sue Johnson has been dangerously ill for sometime past. Dr. Clement of Crittenden was here to see her last week.

Misses Edna Cole and Dora Beavers were visiting friends Monday.

Will Martin visited his sister, Mrs. Reed of Kelsey last week and inquired if a certain widow had any mules for sale as he wanted to buy.

R. E. Cooper and wife, of Hopkinsville, visited here last week.

Miss Mary L. Wyatt is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gohlsom of Cairo, Ill.

Men's all wool suits \$3.90, 4.50, 5.00, 6.75, 7.50, 9.50, 12.50, made by the best factories in the east.

Sam Howerton.

Everything known to the art in millinery.

Sam Howerton.

All kinds of woolen, silk and wash dress goods.

Sam Howerton.

Obituary.

Died, at her home near Hillsboro, Ky., March 14th, 1902, Mrs. Julia A. Hodge, in the 36th year of her age. She was perhaps better known as the daughter of Elder B. W. Barnes, of sacred memory in Crittenden and adjoining counties.

She was left a widow three years ago, with five little children to care for. This proved too much for her strength. Exposure and care doubtless shortened her days.

Julia gave heart and life to Christ in early days. In the midst of her many trials she ever trusted in Jesus, and found in Him "a present help in time of trouble."

During her lingering illness she often expressed as entirely reconciled to the Lord's will, and willing to leave her children in His hands.

After funeral services, conducted by the writer, we laid her to rest in the Leeper cemetery, in hope of the resurrection.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he die, yet shall he live again; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believel thou this? Jud 11:25.

R. A. LaRue.

RAILEY.

The well known stallion "Railey," the fine saddle and harness horse, with two young Spanish Jacks, will be found this season, as usual, at my farm near Mattoon.

It is needless to speak of the merits of "Railey" as he is well known throughout the county. Thanking you for past patronage and hoping to receive your future favor, I remain, yours truly,

F. M. Daniel.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Child

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

J. A. LEWIS,

REPTON, KY.

Manufacturer of Lime Pinnacle Rock.

Attention of Tabacco Growers is called to the importance of limeing their lands. We can supply them. Slacked lime \$3 per ton. Five hundred pounds to the acre lasts for five years. It will double the value of tobacco, and on wheat will do as well.

F. M. Daniel.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Child

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups.

For Infants and Child

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups.

For Infants and Child